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THE SKETCH, JANUARY 22, 1919

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The Sketch.

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The Sketch

No. 1356.—Vol. CV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN PILOT: LADY CARBERY.

Lady Carbery is the wife of the well-known Pilot, the tenth Baron Carbery, who, in a gallant fight with enemy airmen, sustained injury to one of his knees. Lady Carbery, who resides at Castle Freke, County Cork, was married to Lord Carbery in 1913, and was, before her marriage, Miss José Metcalfe, daughter of Mr. Evelyn James Metcalfe, of 5, Chester Place,

Hyde Park Square, W. She has a little daughter, the Hon. Fabienne José Evans-Freke, who was born in 1916. Lord Carbery was sometime a Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and served during the European War in the Royal Naval Air Service—where he did excellent work until his injury.—[*Photograph by Vandyk.*]



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Supreme Courage.

The bravest act of the Armistice is the acceptance by Sir F. E. Smith of the Lord Chancellorship. Not enough has been made of this heroic example of self-sacrifice. Let me enumerate, quite briefly and simply, a few of the tortures endured by the Lord Chancellor.

(1) He must be in his place every afternoon, rain or shine, at a quarter to four or thereabouts. (Incidentally, he must remember the precise hour, which I never can.) This is a most awkward time for a young Chancellor, interfering terribly with tennis, boating, and other sensible pursuits.

(2) He must sit on the Woolsack. He cannot send it away and demand a cool chair. In the heat of early summer he must still sit on it. That alone, to my mind, is worth six thousand a year and a pension of four thousand.

(3) He must listen to all the speeches delivered by all the Peers. The House of Lords is composed, in the main, of born Lords; but that does not make them born orators. I will not labour this distressing point. "F. E." must have taken it into account.

(4) He must not often speak himself. Now, if Sir Frederick Smith is anything in this world—which he is—it is a born speaker. Not an orator—he does not go in for that—but a speaker. And a man who is a speaker naturally wants to speak. But he mustn't speak too much. He mustn't collar the debate and stick to it. If he did, half the Peers would fall dead, and that must be avoided at all costs.

(5) He cannot settle disputes. If there is a row, the Lords settle the matter among themselves. The Lord Chancellor may join in; but his voice has no more weight, *ex officio*, in the settlement of the fuss than that of any other noble lord.

So, you see, 'twas a gallant act. But there is always one consolation. He can chuck it up to-morrow and draw four thousand a year for life. I don't say he would, but he could.

The Breathless Life.

"Directly Mr. Bonar Law arrived at the aerodrome, his luggage was transferred to the cabin of the aeroplane, where he took his seat at a small table with his secretary and began to deal with various documents."

How's that for the breathless life? That will show you the sort of thing that goes on. The poor man had to wait at Hendon two hours whilst the wind subsided, but even those two hours were not sufficient for dealing with the "various documents." His pen was wet, as a matter of fact, all the time he was getting into the aeroplane. He never even glanced at London as he flew over it. Neither did the secretary. No time. Documents. Documents all the way. Loops, side-slips, spinning nose-dives—no matter. Working all the time. Various documents. And then some people call these men in high office "lucky." Lucky? If breathing were not automatic, they would have forgotten to do it years and years ago.



SERGE DIAGHILEFF'S RUSSIAN BALLET, AT THE LONDON COLISEUM: M. DIAGHILEFF.

Photograph by Count J. de Strelecki.

digest of the news. I, in my turn, rely on her for unbiassed criticism. Old people, whose mental vision is not blurred by personal ambition and the workaday human passions, often see further than those in the thick of the fray.

"Well, Martha," said I, "you'll be pleased to hear that things are really looking up at last."

"Indeed?" replied Martha. "What things?"

"Things in general. For example, your coal ration is to be increased by twenty-five per cent. Food, again, is easier all round. You won't have to worry your teeth with any more war-bread."

"I never grumbled at the bread. Some folks did, a sight younger than me, but I never did. Anyone who says I did tells a lie."

"That's all right, Martha. Nobody accuses you of grumbling at the bread. There was no finer patriot than yourself in all Little Snitterfield."

"Soft soap! Any more noos?"

"Yes. The demobilisation question is on the way to settlement. The soldiers who are badly wanted in civil life, or who have jobs waiting for them, are being released from the Army in large numbers."

"So they'd ought to be. There never oughtn't to have been no muddle."

"Well, well! We all have to buy our experience. By the time the next war comes along—"

"Any more noos?"

"Yes. Great things are promised by the flying-men. They talk of a weekly mail service by air between London and India. As for the Atlantic, they'll soon fly across that. And they hope to fly from Cairo to the Cape. The whole length of Africa, Martha! Over all the jungles, and swamps, and forests, and rivers! Think of that!"

"Won't help poor folk."

"Oh, but the poor folk are to share in the general improvement. Thousands and thousands of beautiful little houses are to be built for the poor folk, with balconies, and bath-rooms, and gardens and French-windows! No more stuffy cottages, Martha!"

"Don't you dare call my cottage stuffy!"

"Not yours. It's so beautifully kept. But some people's. And then the State is going to look after the health of the people. All the children will be examined regularly, and kept in the fresh air as much as possible, and taught to breathe properly, and to exercise their bodies on the scientific plan. Oh, there's no doubt about the wonderful new world, Martha! I'm glad you've lived to see such days! Aren't you? Come, now!"

"A new world, eh? Well, Sir, I'd just like to mention one thing as 'll beat 'em."

"Fire away, Martha!"

"They may fly from London to Jericho, but they can't cure my corns!"

Old Martha's Challenge. I found old Martha in her customary place by the fireside. She gave up her daily paper on turning ninety, and relies on me for a weekly

THE SHOOTING OF MAJOR SETON: A LONDON CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.



CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF MAJOR M. C. C. SETON:
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL N. C. RUTHERFORD, D.S.O.



SHOT DEAD AT THE HOUSE OF SIR MALCOLM SETON:
THE LATE MAJOR M. C. C. SETON, C.B.



THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY ON JANUARY 13: NO. 13, CLARENDON ROAD, HOLLAND PARK,
THE HOME OF SIR MALCOLM SETON, K.C.B.

On the night of January 13, Major Miles Charles Cariston Seton, C.B., Australian Army Medical Corps, was shot and killed at the house of his cousin, Sir Malcolm Cotter Cariston Seton, No. 13, Clarendon Road, Holland Park. On the following day Lieutenant-Colonel Norman Cecil Rutherford, D.S.O., R.A.M.C., was charged at the West London Police

Court with the wilful murder of Major Seton. The case was remanded until January 23. Colonel Rutherford won the D.S.O. when commanding a field-ambulance in France. He is a son of Dr. J. J. Rutherford, of Shipley, and son-in-law of Sir James Roberts. The incident is widely discussed.—[Photographs by Farrington Photo. Company and Elliott and Fry.]



The Woman's Way.

There is a little thing called a Peace Conference in progress just now, and this happens to be deciding another little thing—which is the future of the civilised world. Still, so far as my limited vision has been able to judge, I am bound to say that the deliberations of M. Clemenceau, President Wilson, and Mr. Lloyd George, with their

numerous colleagues, have not excited the liveliest interest amongst our women-folk at home. From what I can gather, after carefully cross-examining Miss Joy Ryde, Lady Lymelyghte, not to mention the occasional Charlady (whose mission in life seems to be that she should preserve my rooms from degenerating into a state of Anarchy and Bolshevism), I judge that the interests of the feminine mind are centred in Princess Patricia's romantic wedding, the Rutherford case, the inquest of Billie Carleton, the prospects of the Three Arts Ball, and the latest rumours in regard to next spring's fashions from Paris.



"OLE BILL" AND HIS "ONLIE BEGETTER."
"Captain Bruce Bairnsfather will commence his lecture tour through the country with 'Me and Ole Bill' at the Queen's Hall on the 29th."—*Daily Paper.*

Stable Interests.

I remarked on this fact to Lady Lymelyghte when she swept into my chambers last week to smoke a cigarette, drink a maraschino, and complain about the moral disabilities of her dearest friends. I told her that I thought that Women had all become serious since they had played such a wonderful part in the War, and were taking a hand in Politics. "Of course, voting is great fun," she replied, "just as cycling was great fun in the early days; but, after all, if we are to have any stable interests in life, dress and scandal cannot entirely be superannuated." After that, she went on to tell me exactly what Mrs. Asquith said when she heard that her distinguished husband was no longer a Member of Parliament. As I feel perfectly sure, from a long knowledge of Lady Lymelyghte's veracity, that Mrs. Asquith said no such things as were reputed to her, I shall not repeat her remarks.

The Bolshevik Bugbear.

I was one of those people who were not really surprised at the War Office changes. The other week I went to see Lord Milner, and, after we had drawn our chairs up to the fire, he told me that he would rather not discuss the future of his office, as he would not remain Minister for War very many days. "Of course, I am glad to go," said Lord Milner, "because, having spent so much time in building up an organisation for war, it would naturally be a very sad thing for me to set about destroying the machine I have seen created." "Does that mean that the Machinery of War is to be scrapped?" I asked. "Oh, no," he answered; "but we certainly can't keep the thing going on a war footing." As he handed me a cigar before I went, Lord

Milner remarked, with a rather acid smile, "If we are not very careful, we shall find the only army on a war footing in Europe next summer is the Bolshevist Army." With this terrifying prospect before me, I hurried out into Whitehall.



ELECTED A CORRESPONDENT OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY: SURGEON-GENERAL SIR DAVID BRUCE, R.A.M.C.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

The Winston Tonic.

Now, when one is feeling depressed or frightened, there is no person in this world who can quite cheer one up so effectually as Winston. So I hurried round the corner to the Hotel Metropole and said to myself, "I want a tonic—I want a dose of Winston." Things at the "Met." were cheerful enough. There was that charming young gentleman, Mr. Edward Marsh, who divides his life between the discovery of new poets who are fit to be introduced to fashionable circles and the careful shepherding of Winston's footsteps on the strait and narrow path of political rectitude. Mr. Marsh was poring over a new volume of poetry, which must have been disappointing, as he was evidently very glad to welcome my interruption.

Winston we found with his legs up on the mantelpiece, in an attitude of great comfort. He was staring fixedly into the fire, and the knobs of his forehead were very prominent. He was in deep thought.

Omens.

"Will I see you?" said Winston, arousing himself from his reverie. "Why, of course I will see you. As a matter of fact, I could see anybody just now, and am nothing in particular myself. I am not even a Minister. Of course, I may be a Minister soon again, although I know nothing officially about the matter. Still, it is quite possible. Now what do you think about the War Office?" Here Winston picked up the poker and gave the fire a vicious pat. "There's a lot that could be done there, I'm sure. There are several things which I think I could do myself." Here Winston stabbed the fire with a violence that suggested that he was a Canadian soldier at bayonet practice on a Prussian officer in the battle of Cambrai. I did not prolong the interview, but accepted the poker in the fire and the talk as a combination of omens. I went outside and telephoned to Lady Lymelyghte that Winston Churchill was to be our next Secretary for War.



"WHALEBONE, MY DEAR! YOU CAN TELL IT A MILE OFF."

"Perhaps it is not so well known that 'ospreys' are often made of whalebone—surely a better custom than that of plucking the beautiful heron of Japan and Florida in the breeding season."—*Professor D'Arcy Thompson.*

Some Speech.

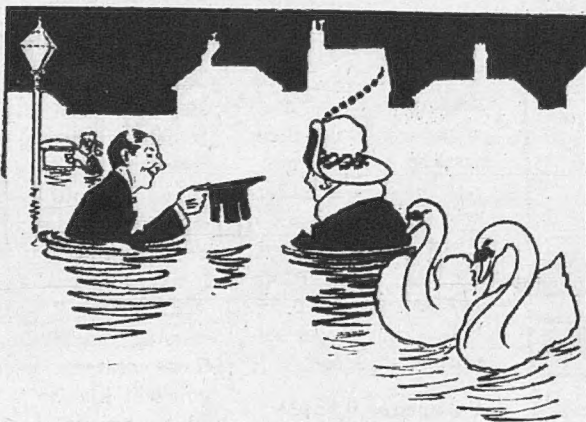
Have you heard Mr. Davis, the new American Ambassador, orate? I went to the Pilgrims' Club's luncheon at the Savoy the other day, and found the Duke of Connaught and Lord Curzon, amongst a variety of other people, absolutely spell-bound by Mr. Davis's oratory. In fact, Mr. Davis is a perfect "spell-binder." He talks like every young American hopes to talk, and like no Englishman could ever hope to talk. He is fond of phrases like



LITTLE MARY'S "APPORTIONER": THE RT. HON. G. H. ROBERTS, M.P., THE NEW FOOD CONTROLLER.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

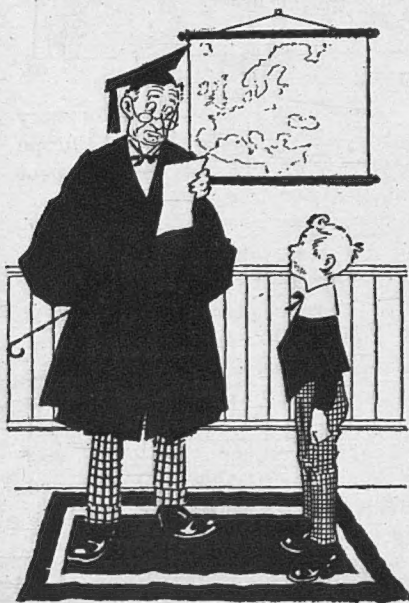
tion for war, it would naturally be a very sad thing for me to set about destroying the machine I have seen created." "Does that mean that the Machinery of War is to be scrapped?" I asked. "Oh, no," he answered; "but we certainly can't keep the thing going on a war footing." As he handed me a cigar before I went, Lord



"MADAM, WILL YOU SWIM?"

"Many parts of the country are under water, and the Thames has been in flood for nearly a fortnight."—*Daily Paper.*

"Brotherhood cemented by Blood," and all the other well-known phrases that are to be found in America's text-book of Public Speech. I mentioned the fact to a friend that I thought Lord Curzon looked a little depressed towards the end of the oration. "Well," my friend replied, "George Nathaniel must be feeling that his own style of speech-making is a bit out of date." Of



HOW HOWLERS PRODUCE HOWLS.

"Avogadro's Law is as to whether a molecule consists of 1, 2, or 3 atoms. If 1, it is called a nomad; if 2, a dryad, and so on."—*Daily Paper.*

the success of the Three Arts Ball. My fellow committeemen were the most cheerful fellows. One was Miss Violet Loraine, who is trying to find a new comedian for her next Alhambra revue; another was Miss Lily Brayton; another Miss Jessie Winter; and another Miss Eva Moore. The last time I met Miss Eva Moore was some years ago, when a very big man trod on her very little foot. The same thing happened at our committee meeting. "You seem to be a mascot for this sort of thing," she said to me. I am sorry that history should thus repeat itself. I must not forget to remind you that the Three Arts Ball has every prospect of being a huge success.

A Duel and a Betrothal.

There is quite a romantic interest in the engagement of Lady Cynthia Hamilton to Viscount Althorp, Earl Spencer's heir. Lady Cynthia's mother, the Duchess of Abercorn, whom I saw on her arrival in town, has received hundreds of congratulations. In Edward the Second's time, William de Hamilton championed Robert Bruce, and was challenged by John de Spenser. In the duel which followed De Spenser was killed, and William fled,

with royal retainers in hot pursuit. In the heart of a forest he and his attendant changed clothes with two woodmen, and when the King's men panted by, were cutting an oak asunder with a frame-saw. As the saw finished its work, de Hamilton sang out "Through!" as his pursuers passed.

Princess "Pat."

Princess Patricia turned up to the

opening of the Ruhleben Camp Exhibition at Westminster looking as beautiful and as radiant as any Princess who was ever born to gladden the hearts of loyal subjects. Her marriage has been fixed for the 27th of next month, in order to escape Lent, as the Connaught family are not likely

to forget the hubbub which was aroused when the Duke's marriage was solemnised in Lent years ago. I am told that Princess Pat has been busying herself in designing costumes for her bridesmaids. In this case the costumes will be as charming as they will be simple. The Princess is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful members of the Royal Family. For the last few years—ever since her arrival in England from Canada, as a matter of fact—she has identified herself with nearly all the war charities. Her affection for Canada, where she was deeply loved, has never waned. I remember seeing her inspecting the exhibition of Canadian war pictures in the Grafton Galleries, and asking numberless questions of Captain Ivor Castle, the official photographer. On another occasion I saw her at a memorial service in Brompton Church

which was held in honour of those brave men in "Princess Pat's Own" regiment who had laid down their lives in the service of the Empire. A tall, graceful figure dressed in heavy mourning, she moved slowly down the aisle with her father, the Duke of Connaught. It was a sad, sad service—but shot through with a note of triumph and (those were bad days for England) with the promise of coming victory. I noticed that both the Princess and the Duke appeared to be profoundly moved by Prebendary Gough's eloquent little address.

Edmée's Château. Pretty and volatile Edmée Dormeuil has just returned from France, where she has been spending a sort of peace holiday with her family. Edmée tells me that a part of her pilgrimage was to visit her birthplace, Havre. Here she was so

much struck by the beauty of the old place after her long absence that she immediately decided to acquire a house there. So, with

characteristic energy, she bought a magnificent Louis XVI. mansion. It is to this haunt of old Romance that Edmée is now inviting all her friends when they go holiday-making. So, if you ever find "The Worldling" missing from these columns, you will know where to find him.—THE WORLDLING.



HELP! ASPIRIN!

"Hunters returning from Northern Canada report that influenza is decimating big game. Investigation has disclosed diseased lungs among moose, deer, and other large animals, tending to make them exhausted after a short chase."—*Wireless Press.*

INVALIDED OUT, AND NOW IN "THE PURPLE MASK": MR. WALTER MENPES, SON OF MR. MORTIMER MENPES, THE ARTIST.

Mr. Walter Menpes was studying railway engineering in Canada when the war began. He got a commission in the Canadian Highlanders, and was wounded at Ypres. Photograph by Bamber, Blackpool.

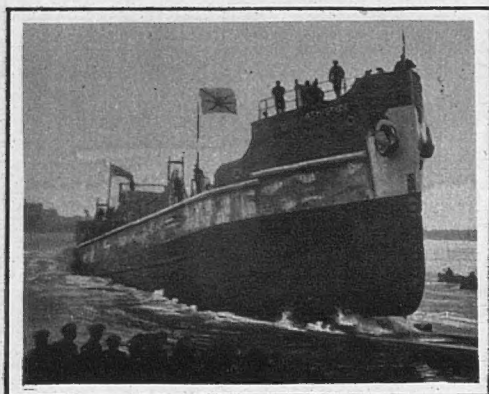


MASKS AND FACES THAT ECLIPSE ANY ALBERT HALL EFFORTS: JAPS IN A FANCY DRESS PROCESSION CELEBRATING THE ARMISTICE IN TOKYO.—[Photograph by C.N.]



BEARER OF TWO GREAT NAMES: CAPTAIN SOPHOCLES VENIZELOS, SON OF THE GREEK PREMIER, AND RECENTLY ARRIVED IN LONDON.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE FIRST SEA-GOING FERRO-CONCRETE CARGO STEAMER BUILT IN THIS COUNTRY: THE LAUNCH OF THE S.S. "ARMISTICE" AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS.

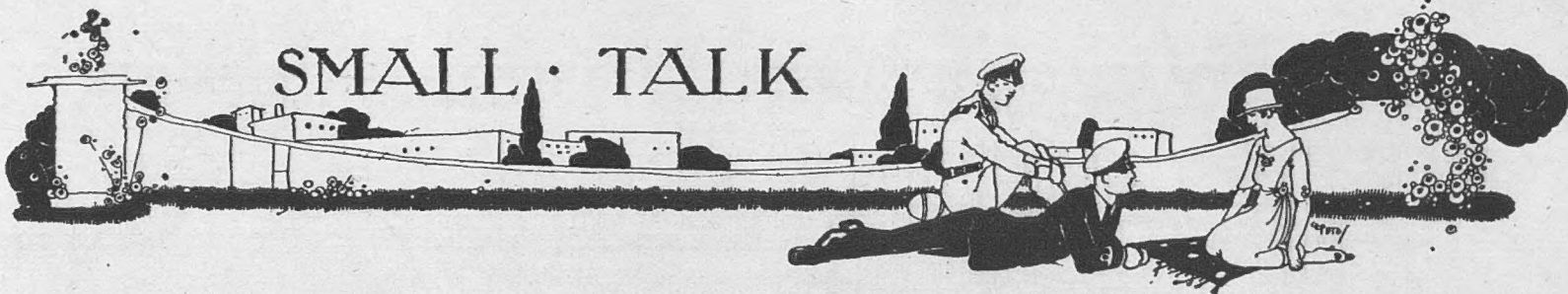
Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



BENEDICITE!

"The alien monks, mainly German and Austrian, interned at Erdington Abbey during the war, left there yesterday, and en-trained for Hull. Their stay at the Abbey has been the subject of much local comment."

SMALL TALK



PRINCESS "PAT'S" decision to have her wedding in Westminster Abbey came as a pleasant surprise to everyone.

Royal marriages are so often conducted on the "strictly private" lines which are all that the limited accommodation in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, permits that it was more or less taken for granted that the Princess would follow precedent. Luckily for her many friends, she has chosen the publicity of the Abbey; and, thanks to an early Lent, the royal marriage will be the first social event of importance in a "season" that, Courts or no Courts, promises to eclipse all its predecessors.



TO MARRY MR. H. B. C. ENGLISH: MISS VIOLET BULLOUGH.

Miss Bullough, whose engagement to Mr. H. B. C. English, M.A., Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and Ardreck, Crief, has been announced, is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. C. P. Bullough, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, and Mrs. Bullough, of 2, Fitzwilliam Road, Cambridge.

Photograph by Swaine.

chiefly devoted to the work carried on in the neighbourhood of Ampot St. Mary's, Lord Winchester's Hampshire home.

The Force of Example. Lady Barrington is one of those people who not only believe that a little example is better than tons of precept, but acts on her conviction. But for the accident of war her scheme for enlivening life in rural communities would have been a going proposition. Now that war is over she has "returned to her muttons" with such characteristic energy and thoroughness that Shrivenham will shortly be the proud owner of a model settlement, with a recreation ground and reading-rooms, as well as other advantages organised for the benefit of the tenants.

Lady Barrington's notion that the idea might be extended as a memorial to those who have fallen in their country's cause deserves sympathetic consideration. Meantime, she hopes for great things from her Shrivenham experiment.

Women and the "R.A."

The suggestion that Sir John Lavery may succeed Sir Edward Poynter as President of the Royal Academy seems to be popular among women with an artistic bent, who believe he might be favourable to the removal of the restrictions which prevent them becoming Associates and Members. Why exactly the Academy, which began by admitting Angelica Kauffmann, should since have excluded far more

vital women artists it is difficult to say. But the Academy is a stronghold of conservatism generally. So far as his personal disposition is concerned, Sir John Lavery is not likely to be unfavourable to the claims of women. He likes them as subjects, and an early Glasgöw criticism of him was "Yon's just a woman's painter." Lady Lavery has been painted by her husband again and again.

A Highly Facetious Chancellor.

"F. E." as Lord Chancellor has taken away the breath of many who know him, and who forget that a man used to so many parts is likely to play well the latest and highest. There is a great deal of shrewd sense as well as wit in the former aide-de-camp of Sir Edward Carson; and it would be unjust to apply to him the sarcasm on Brougham—that "if he only knew a little law he would know something of everything." "F. E." knows quite a lot of law, and it is a curious fact that in his days in Liverpool his reputation was less that of a dashing advocate than of a sound man on company and shipping work. He can say biting things when he likes. In the clubs they still tell with delight how he described a rather prim and proper candidate as a "most respectable man—the fit descendant of a long line of maiden aunts." The style will have to be changed now "F. E." is on the Woolsack. But even there there are occasional opportunities for a highly facetious Chancellor, and no doubt the *obiter dicta* of Lord—what will it be?—will take their place among the legal classics.



WIFE OF A NEW K.B.E.: LADY WATERLOW.

Lady Waterlow is the wife of Sir William Waterlow, the popular and very able managing director of the well-known company, Waterlow Brothers and Layton, Ltd., of London, Harrow, and Watford, printers of the Treasury notes and ration-books. Sir William was born in 1871, son of Mr. James Jameson Waterlow, and great-grandson of Mr. James Waterlow, who founded the business in Birchin Lane in 1811. He is a representative for the Ward of Cornhill on the Corporation of London, and an original member of the National Guard, and holds a commission in the 5th Battalion, City of London V.R. Lady Waterlow is the daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Gordon, of Grosvenor Street, Edinburgh, and has been a worker during the war at the Watford and Hendon Canteens. She was also, prior to the war, well known as a golfer in East Lothian. [Photograph by Dorothy Hickling.]

cusses and approves the plan of every ship laid down in the Navy." But it is another estimate of the Emperor published side by side, but anonymously, that time has justified. "Undue precipitancy and reckless indifference to the suffering it occasions, or the risks that may follow, have distinguished every act of the young Emperor. . . . We see at the head of a great military empire an impulsive young soldier who, although he thinks that an Englishman stinks of trade, envies our commerce, and is constantly being told that he is a military genius."

Prophetic. Many periodicals improve by keeping—they are better reading thirty years after publication than when they first appeared. I chanced the other day on a copy of the *New Review* of 1889, containing two character-sketches of the then young Kaiser William. One was contributed by his great American friend, Poultney Bigelow, who delighted in a reminiscence of the pride the Emperor felt as a boy in a cake his mother had made, and of whom the panegyrist asserts, in what then passed for praise, that "the Emperor in person discusses and approves the plan of every ship



TO MARRY MR. HARRY A. ELLISON, R.G.A.: MISS DOROTHY PRICE.

Photograph by Swaine.

Miss Dorothy Winifred Price, whose engagement to Mr. Harry A. Ellison, R.G.A., has been announced, is the second daughter of Mr. Charles E. Price, of Stout Hall, Reynaldstone, Cowey, South Wales, and granddaughter of the late Mr. C. A. Price, of Hobart, Tasmania.



ENGAGED TO MR. REGINALD H. SOMERS-LEWIS: MISS RIDGE-JONES.

Miss Ruth E. Ridge-Jones engaged to Mr. Somers-Lewis East Yorks, of John o' Gaunt West Byfleet, Surrey, elder son of Colonel Somers-Lewis C.B., of Campden House Court, is the daughter of Dr and Mrs. Ridge-Jones, of 4 Chesham Place, S.W.

Photograph by Bassano



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN S. N. BARRON, M.C.: MISS IRENE ROBINS.

Miss Irene Mary Robins, whose engagement to Captain S. N. Barron, M.C., R.E., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Barron, of Kingstown, County Dublin, has been announced, is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. J. A. Robins, and Mrs. Robins.

Photograph by Swaine.

"A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED": FIVE BRIDES.



MLLE. MADELINE SCHOUTEN.



MISS MARY TURNER AYRIS.



MISS ELEANOR CLARE
HARGRAVE SHARPE.



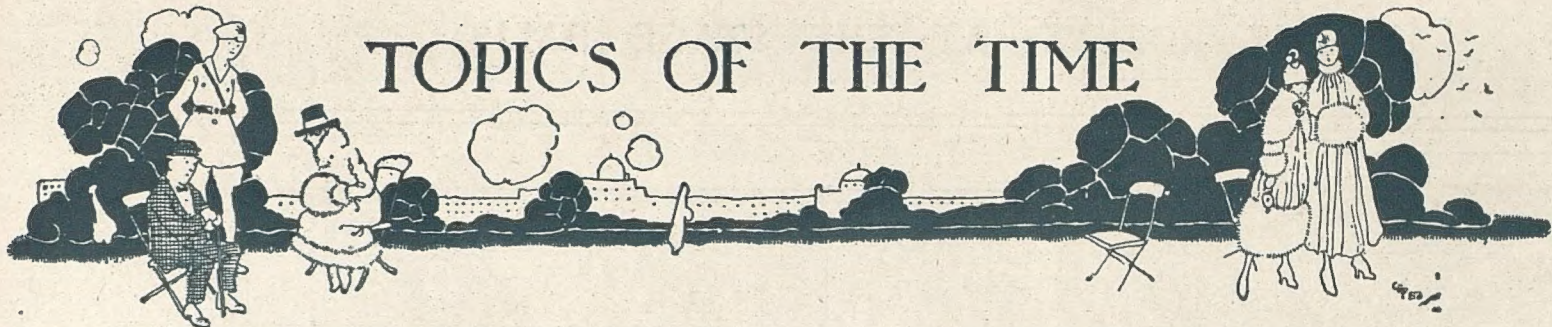
MISS GWEN WILLIAMS.



MISS FAITH MARY SKINNER.

Mlle. Madeline Schouten, daughter of M. and Mme. M. Schouten, of Antwerp, is engaged to Lieut. J. G. M. Selous, R.N.V.R., of St. Aubin, Jersey.—Miss Mary T. Ayris, only daughter of the late Mr. H. C. Ayris, and of Mrs. Ayris, Great Yarmouth, is to marry Mr. Ivor Fanshawe Ward, of Salhouse Hall, Norfolk.—Miss Eleanor C. H. Sharpe, daughter of the Rev. E. N. Sharpe, Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, E.C., is engaged to Capt. Robert P. F. White, M.C., King's Own

Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert M. F. White, and grandson of Major-General H. C. Borrett.—Miss Gwen Williams, daughter of Surgeon-General Sir William Williams, is to marry Mr. J. R. Smith.—Miss Faith Skinner, daughter of Mr. C. L. A. and Lady Kathleen Skinner, is engaged to Capt. A. J. Trousdell, M.C., Princess Victoria's Royal Irish Fusiliers, youngest son of the late Mr. W. B. P. Trousdell, 7th Hussars.—[Photographs by Swaine, Lafayette, Elliott and Fry, and Yevonde.]



TOPICS OF THE TIME

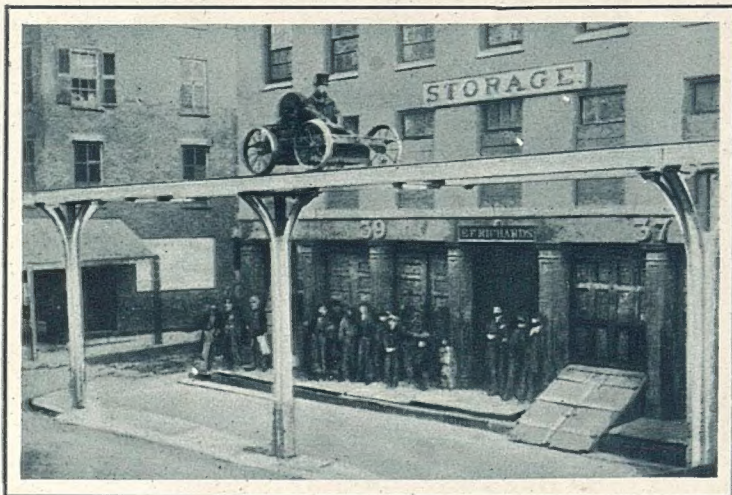
YOU and I are still being told to do our own interior house painting and decorating, and I have it from Daphne that I am becoming quite a dab hand at it. But practice has not yet made perfect my dabbings with that sticky pot of white bath enamel, and in this respect Daphne as good as tells me I'm a dab nuisance.

In answering my country's call to be my own house decorator, I did my best. No man in all the world has made an effort greater. For instance, take the bath I did, whose surface swarmed with imperfections. Before I even touched the lid I read the whole of the "Directions"—a business, I'll be bound to say, that isn't tackled every day!

Where cracked enamel seemed to ledge, I used a chisel for a scraper, or badly set my teeth on edge by rubbing it with emery-paper. That coat the first night well be dried, at least a half-an-hour I reckoned before I carefully applied the ivory gloss of coat the second—and quickly turned the water on to see how splendidly it shone!

But Daphne, I regret to say, was not so fav'rably impressed—excepting in a certain way you do not notice when she's dressed! Her skin, no matter how she scrubs, has still some white enamel rings on, most painful when the pattern rubs, as rub it's bound to, with her things on! It took me half a day, about, to tear poor little Daphne out!

A mechanical device for measuring fatigue is the latest contribution of Science to the pressing needs of our unconsidered peoples. It was used with conspicuous success the other day at the Education Conference, University College, London, by Miss May



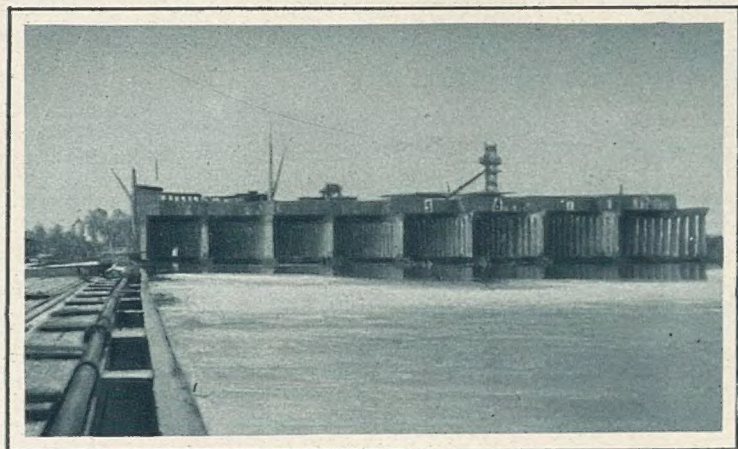
AND THINK OF THE SAME SPOT NOW! THE FIRST ELEVATED RAILROAD IN NEW YORK—1867.

This first trip, made in 1867, marked the beginning of rapid transit in New York City.

Smith, Lecturer in Psychology at Oxford University. I have not been able to get hold of one of these machines yet; but as soon as they are on the market, I intend taking one with me to the Russian Ballet.

I mean, when I have lots of leisure, to join the Russian Ballet League. I'd absolutely love to measure the length and breadth of my fatigue! I find it hard to hold my head up, however great the Russian "star," and when I'm feeling extra fed up, I'd like to measure just how far—to get, if only in the rough, the size of when I've had enough!

Until I get that strange invention, which measures up my *fatigue*, I'll give the matter my attention in just a speculative way. Approximately, I've a notion that when the Russian dancers jump, and clap their hands to mark the motion, I'm fifty yards around the "hump," and probably as much again across the weariness of brain.



A LURKING-PLACE OF THE DEATH FROM UNDERSEAS: SHELTERS FOR GERMAN SUBMARINES AT BRUGES.

The idea was to shelter the U-boats from bombs dropped by aircraft.

Official Photograph.

But I have known them nimbly hopping, and spinning in Circassian reels, for ninety minutes without stopping—except, perhaps, to smack their heels. And, though the principals I've treasured, as lilies on a lonely track, I'm sure my heart's fatigue has measured from here to Timbuctoo and back; and utter dreariness of soul has reached in length from Pole to Pole!

The recent mild weather has been playing all sorts of deceitful tricks with the floral masses, and it is newspaperishly reported from Kent that the blossoms of some thousands of primrose roots have been tricked out of their hiding-places in the long-grasses of the hedge-shelters, only to find that they were the victims of a calendarial inexactitude.

Such is the distrustfulness of one who is a bit of a journalist himself, that I would not have believed this had it not happened along the hedges of my own cottage garden in Edenbridge; and I hasten, on that account, to vouch for the truth of my fellow newsmongers—on that point at least.

You little yellow imps, how *dare* you thus your clothes unfold! This treach'rous January air is sure to give you cold! If I were in Dame Nature's boots, and found you so misled, I'd pick you up and smack your roots and send you back to bed!

My daily newspaper tells me things like this quite calmly: "The new housing scheme provides for ranges, baths, and windows all of one pattern!"

When windows, baths, and kitchen ranges upon the same design are done, I think we'll notice where the change is between the other and the one? The State, no doubt, takes some outwitting, but I will bet it now a bob I'll guess correctly if I'm sitting within a bath or on a hob!

A. B. M.

THE ROBEYS—AT THE STAGE BALL.



IN THEIR FANCY-DRESS : MRS. GEORGE ROBEY AND HER SON AND DAUGHTER.

The popularity of Mr. George Robey as a comedian has passed into a proverb; and, to go beyond his reputation in the theatres, he has done invaluable work in raising great sums for war charities, even his appeals being made with a characteristic humour which made them irresistible, fortunately for the excellent causes for which they were made. Off the stage, Mr. Robey is essentially a family man. We give portraits of Mrs. Robey and her son and daughter in the dresses worn by them at the great Stage

Ball at the Albert Hall, where Mr. Robey acted as a Master of the Ceremonies. In his private capacity Mr. Robey is a clever painter, who has exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Institute of Painters in Water Colours; an enthusiast for cricket and football, and a skilful collector of stamps and antiques (especially china), which are to be found in abundance in his pretty house in Finchley Road. Mrs. Robey was known on the stage as Miss Ethel Haydon.—[Photographs by Dorothy Wilding.]



PRIVATE orders for aircraft are—the orders of the day. The “omniplane” is also well on the stocks. You can already book your future seat for a two-and-a-half hours’ fly to Paris for a matter of fifteen pounds—a price that includes motor-service at the journey’s beginning and end. Altogether, air travel is on the high road, the very high road, to separate and corporate recognition. Chaplains to the R.A.F., ranking with Chaplains to the Army and Navy, will give a literal meaning at last to the really prophetic old label of “sky-pilots.” There is even talk at tea-tables of a move to legalise marriages in air; and honeymoons are, of course, to be spent nearer the moon than ever before. One impending wedding, by the way, is that of a bride who applies to the R.A.F. a rule sometimes applied elsewhere by girls who vow they will not marry out of the Navy. The new fashion is set by a niece of Lord Lonsdale, and widow of Lieutenant-Colonel Valentine, of the R.A.F., her first husband,

with whom she took many a glorious journey in the clouds. Her second husband will be Lady Louisa Charteris’ son, Captain Ronald Charteris, R.A.F. It is safe to predict that for some time to come the heroines of fiction will resolve to reserve their favours for the men who fly. Even the curate may be revived if he is represented as riding, and not merely living, on air.

To the Life. The Duchess of Rutland’s portrait of Lord Haldane is not the fruit of a few casual sittings. It represents a long familiarity with the face of a friend, and has therefore the



MARRIED ON JAN. 16: THE HON. MRS. GRENVILLE PEEK (THE HON. JOAN SCLATER-BOOTH).

The Hon. Joan Penelope Sclater-Booth, the elder daughter of Lord Basing, of Hoddington House, Basingstoke, was married on Jan. 16 to Captain Grenville Peek, second son of the late Sir Cuthbert Peek, of Rousdon, Devon, and the Hon. Lady Peek, Widworthy Court, Honiton, Devon.

subtleties of expression often missed by great painters, previously unacquainted with the occupants of their sitter’s chair. Physiognomy plays all manner of strange pranks, though I have heard the late Lord Chief Justice Russell say he thought he had never been deceived in any face that came before him. The likeness between Lord Haldane and the late Henry James, very close in life, is drawn closer in the Duchess’s portrait. True, both of them chose to be bachelors; but the dissimilarities in the careers of the two men marked answering differences in their characters. Henry James himself was always interested in faces; and the features of the heroes of his novels are now and again given as if an inventory of his own. Some such passage might, indeed, be taken as a text for the Duchess’s portrait: “His complexion was brown, and the arch of his nose bold and well-marked. His eye was of a clear

cold grey, an eye in which the unacquainted and the expert were singularly blended. It was full of contradictory suggestions; and though it was by no means the glowing orb of a hero of romance, you could find in it almost anything you looked for. Frigid and yet friendly, frank yet cautious, shrewd yet credulous, positive yet sceptical, confident yet shy, there was something vaguely defiant in its concessions and something profoundly reassuring in its reserve.”

The Better the Day, the Better the Play.

A considerable audience, or congregation, met for the Sunday performance of Sir John Vanbrugh’s “Provok’d Wife,” in the King’s Hall, Covent Garden. If not “mostly players,” the gathering at least proved that the Stage is quite ready to give up its day of rest to the drama. Miss Doris Keane was there, intent as a schoolgirl; and Mr. Ernest Thesiger was much too interested to let his volubility, which overflowed between the acts, run away with him during the performance proper. The slight informality of the staging, typified by the little bell that sometimes tinkled and sometimes did not before the raising of the curtain, made it all the more attractive, perhaps, to the out-and-out profes-



A MARQUESS’S DAUGHTER. LADY MARY THYNNE.

Lady Mary Beatrice Thynne is the youngest of the three daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, and was born in 1903. Her elder sisters are Lady Alice and Lady Emma Thynne, born, respectively, in 1891 and 1893. The Marchioness was Miss Violet Caroline Mordaunt, daughter of Sir Charles Mordaunt.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.

sional; and the acting was excellent. Miss Ethel Irving’s performance somehow reminded me of a great innings scored by Hobbs when I saw that king of batsmen playing last summer for his R.A.F. Armament School on the village green—a work of art without the pomp and circumstance of a first-class pitch. Another Vanbrughian, Mr. “Eddie” Marsh, was with the inevitable poet at his elbow—this time John Drinkwater; and literature was also

most favourably represented by Miss Tennyson Jesse, looking more beautiful than ever.



WIFE AND DAUGHTERS OF THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME OFFICE: MRS. AND THE MISSES SHORTT.

Mrs. Shortt, wife of the Right Hon. Edward Shortt, K.C., P.C., M.P., the new Secretary of State for the Home Office, was, before her marriage, Miss Isabella Stewart Scott, daughter of the late Mr. A. G. Scott, of Valparaiso, and the late Mrs. Scott, of Edinburgh Terrace, South Kensington. Mrs. Shortt has three daughters, seen with her in our photograph.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

Recovered. This is not a problem for the Demobilisation and Reconstruction Department of the Ministry of Labour; but, for all that, it is one that faces every man who looks into the mirror for the first time after getting out of khaki. It is the Hat-Brim Problem. Civilian clothes are for the most part pleasing to the ex-soldier; he takes kindly to his tie, and enjoys his waistcoat pockets—but the deuce take that brim. After years in a Service cap—whether infantry or R.A.F.—the thing refuses to look right: it looks ridiculous. Its chief offence is that it sticks out all round his head, as is its nature; and only after some weeks does he become re-accustomed to it.

UNOPPOSED: THE SPEAKER'S SON—AND FAMILY.



THE MEMBER FOR NORTH CUMBERLAND: MAJOR CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER, M.P.; HIS WIFE AND HIS SON, JOHN.

The return of Major Christopher Lowther unopposed for the Northern Division of Cumberland, on the same day that his father, the Speaker (the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther) was returned unopposed for the Penrith and Cockermouth Division of the same county, was an occurrence unique in Parliamentary annals. Major Lowther, who is a Coalition Unionist,

is the Speaker's eldest son, and has been his secretary since 1911. He married, in 1910, Miss Ina Marjorie Pelly, daughter of the Rev. Canon Pelly, Vicar of Great Malvern. Mrs. Christopher Lowther is well known as an amateur dancer, in which capacity we gave a number of portraits of her.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

IF this 1919 affair is protracted much longer (and they tell me at the shop where I always go to get my calendar at a slight discount in March that a gentleman who knows the Astronomer Royal told them for a fact that there are expected to be at least another eleven months of it), the gifted persons who write for the daily papers will be running out of adjectives, won't they? "Historic" was invalidated out of the service quite early in Armistice week; "memorable" got tired about half-way through the Foch visit; and "epoch-making" was seriously bent in several places, holed below the water-line, heavily on fire in both holds, and sinking by the head long before Pres. Wilson's starring tour of the Old World (including Salford) had got properly under way. Words positively fail our Herald Angels now whenever anything happens (which it seems to quite often at the moment, doesn't it?). The poor things' voices have risen higher and higher in the announcement of great events, until their falsetto sometimes seems almost to come through their hats. So now they will probably have to leave history to the history-books, and get back to real news like "Triple Tragedy in Dollis Hill," or "Lady Diana Manners: Sensational Report." And what a mercy that we are allowed to have posters once more! Chalking it on the pavement may have been quite good enough for

little things like the crack of doom and the defeat of Germany; but one really must get one's news a bit better than that now real things are beginning to happen again—and they knew better than to prohibit a quiet taste in posters with Horatio at Westminster, didn't they?

Therefore, my braves (as the Paris correspondents always say in their first three months away from home), let us reflect on the Things that Matter. There are several of them. One is the new Lord Chancellor's taste in cigars: they say in the Temple that it is the last six inches that count. And nervous members of the House of Lords are beginning to

alarming *coiffures* that were once cultivated by pre-war ladies in the Year Thirteen—can't they incorporate it somewhere in the Lord Chancellor's official robes? Black and gold may have been good enough for Eldon and Brougham and the gentleman in "Iolanthe"; but F. E. must remember Ulster, and try to make some more history. Then we might discuss the violent and almost morbid distaste for publicity displayed by West-End coroners—but hush! Or the persevering aviation of Mr. Bonar Law and his loyal private secretary. Suggested advertisement for the Lords Commissioners of H.M. Treasury: "Wanted, Minister's secretary; sound pilot with Cross-Channel experience; guaranteed C.B. and Sundays out; opportunities for learning Sir John Bradbury's signature; friendship with League of Nations Union no bar. Box 2860, Whitehall."

Or else we might devote ourselves to a really careful study of the Amerongen items, sit (as per W. Shakespeare, "Rich. II." iii. 2) upon the ground, and tell sad stories of the death of kings—how some have

been deposed, some slain in war, whilst others merely devoted themselves to the more pleasing exercise of facial horticulture as a preventive of chest and throat complaints. Readers of these columns, as some of our less appreciated contemporaries say in their more majestic moments, will be aware that the subject is one to which we have given considerable attention since von Tirpitz razored off his outriggers and was smuggled into Sweden as part of a consignment of Dutch cheeses. And then one might ruminate for a space on the crowding and entangled woovers of Sweet Nell of Old Drury. On the whole, Messrs. Gulliver, Cochran, and Solly Joel—not forgetting that ubiquitous conjunction, Sir Alfred Butt—seem a shade better from the purely pass-book point of view than her former admirer, the late King Charles II., if one remembers the nasty things that his faithful Commons used to say in Committee of Ways and Means about the evaporation of the national petty cash. There is no truth in the report that the competition was eventually adjusted by the award of an apple by Mr. Arthur Collins after the usual formalities, picturesque as the ceremony might have proved.

Entries for Our Grand Puzzle Competition about the marital complication of the Lovely Lady and the F.O. will be received up to closing-time on the day after the final contradiction of the rumour appears in the papers, and should be accompanied by a suitable entrance-fee in small change (half-francs not accepted, and the new ten-shilling notes to be counted as ten shillings only). The prizes will include one real invitation to the Function Itself, ten season-tickets for the Duchess of Rutland's picture-show, and two thousand five hundred solid silver Alberts and ebony-and-Britannia-metal consolation clasp-knives. So you have still got a chance.



NOT TO RETURN TO THE STAGE: MRS. OSCAR LEWISOHN (MISS EDNA MAY).

By the death of her husband, Mrs. Lewisohn became a very wealthy woman. She denies, however, that the estate makes her a millionairess.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

wonder whether he will smoke them on the Woolsack—he once did it in a ball-room, so you never know. Or that green fur-coat of his—green coat, I mean, not green fur, like those



THE MARK OF THE AMERICAN ARMY OF OCCUPATION IN GERMANY: A.O.

The American troops who form part of the Army of Occupation in Germany are distinguished by the letters A.O. (Army of Occupation), as shown.

Photograph by Barrière.

A BEAUTY OF HIS MAJESTY'S: IN "CHU CHIN CHOW."



IN AN "OBSTINATE" SUCCESS: MISS RUBY NICHOLSON.

To the London playgoer it would seem as great a revelation to find anyone who was not familiar with the splendour of "Chu Chin Chow" as it was to Charles Dickens's fastidious beau that anyone could exist without "knowing Ba-ath!" As a plain fact—if anything can be labelled plain in the gorgeous production at His Majesty's Theatre—"Chu Chin Chow" is a remarkable feast of light and colour, splendid

dressess and feminine beauty, and the spectacular effect surpasses anything which the London stage has previously seen. Our photograph of Miss Ruby Nicholson, although it lacks the hues which make the play a joyous revel of colour, light, and beauty, at least suggests how unconventional and attractive is the great spectacle which has proved so attractive that its "run" promises almost to approach that of Tennyson's "Brook."

Photograph by Bertram Park.

"APRÈS LA GUERRE": T. ATKINS MUCH BE-CHEVRONED.



SUCCESSOR TO MR. STANLEY LUPINO IN THE PALACE REVUE: MR. BILLY MERSON IN "HULLO, AMERICA!"

Mr. Billy Merson took over Mr. Stanley Lupino's part, in "Hullo America!" at the Palace, when the latter was translated to Drury Lane to be one of "The Babes in the Wood." Mr. Billy Merson, who is,

of course, extremely well known on the halls, has given to the different characters he takes at the Palace a touch of his own distinctive humour.—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



W.R.A.F.-ISH !

FROM THE PAINTING BY HIGGINS.

LADIES WHO ARE IN THE NEWS: A PEERAGE ENGAGEMENT



1. ENGAGED TO VISCOUNT PETERSHAM: MISS MARGARET SEATON.

2. AWARDED THE O.B.E.: THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

5. WIFE OF THE NEW SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND: MRS. MUNRO.

6. WIFE OF A BRIGADIER-GENERAL: MRS. MONTAGUE BATES.

Miss Margaret Trelawney Seaton, whose engagement to Captain Viscount Petersham, M.C., Hussars, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Harrington, is announced, is the second daughter of Major and Mrs. H. H. D. Seaton, of Bulford, Salisbury.—The Countess of Pembroke, the donor and organiser of Wilton House Auxiliary Hospital, Salisbury, has been awarded the Order of C.B.E.—Miss F. Weir is the daughter of a new peer, Mr. Andrew Weir, Minister of Munitions, now to become Minister of Supply.—Miss Hope Prothero is the daughter of the Right Hon. Rowland E. Prothero, President of the Board of Agriculture, who has been raised to the Peerage. Miss Prothero has been nursing the wounded throughout the war.—Mrs. Munro is the wife of the Right Hon. Robert Munro, K.C.,

Photographs Nos. 1, 3, by Lafayette; No. 2, by Elliott and Fry; No. 4, by Lallie

ENT—AND WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF WELL-KNOWN MEN.



3. DAUGHTER OF THE NEW MINISTER OF SUPPLY: MISS WEIR.

7. AN AMERICAN PEERESS: COUNTESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

4. DAUGHTER OF A NEW PEER: MISS HOPE PROTHERO.

8. WIFE OF THE NEW LORD CHANCELLOR: LADY SMITH.

M.P., the new Secretary for Scotland, and was, before her marriage, Miss Edith Gwladys Evans.—Mrs. Montague Bates is the wife of Brigadier-General Montague Bates, C.M.G., D.S.O., who is serving in Salonika, and has just been appointed a C.B., for services rendered in connection with military operations there.—The Countess of Kedleston, of whom we give a new and beautiful portrait, is the wife of the Right Hon. the Earl Curzon of Kedleston, K.G., the new Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House of Lords.—Lady Smith is the wife of the new Lord Chancellor, the Right Hon. Sir F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P. Before her marriage she was Miss Margaret Eleanor Furneaux, a daughter of the late Rev. H. Furneaux, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

DUBARRY'S REMEDY for CHAPPED HANDS

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MAGICAL
IN
PREVENTING
OR
CURING
CHAPPED
SKIN



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OF
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TENDED
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Pale hands, pink tipped, like lotus buds that float
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"I RAISE MY GLASS": FIZZ FIZZ FROM "BUZZ BUZZ."

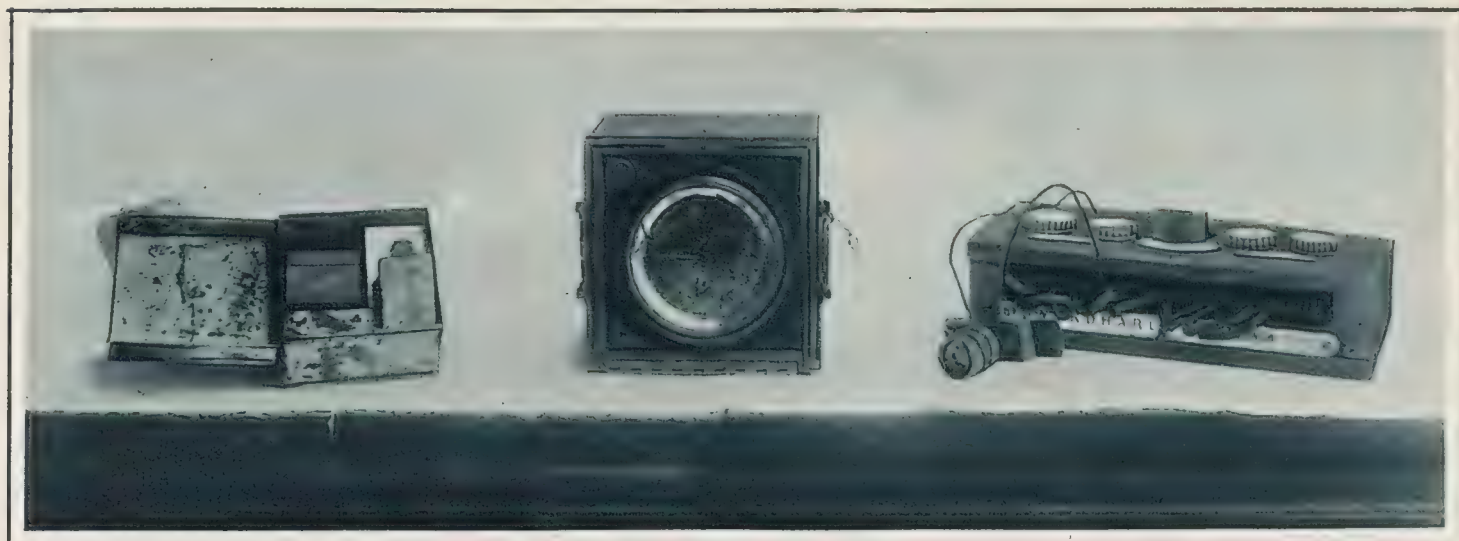


"THEN LET THE TOAST PASS, AND DRINK TO THE LASS": MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN, NOW APPEARING IN "BUZZ BUZZ," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

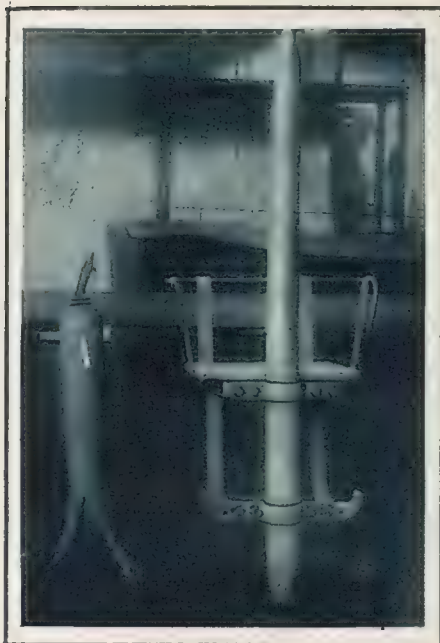
Miss Margaret Bannerman, though well known in musical comedy, is a newcomer to revue, in which she has made a successful début, as one of the principals in the new production at the Vaudeville—namely, "Buzz Buzz." She appears in a number of different characters, and in several

scenes acts with Mr. Nelson Keys. Among other things, she is The Fair Apportioner in "The Merchant of Venison," the Station-mistress at St. Victorialoo, and The Girl in "Coupons for Kisses," and in all she is delightful.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

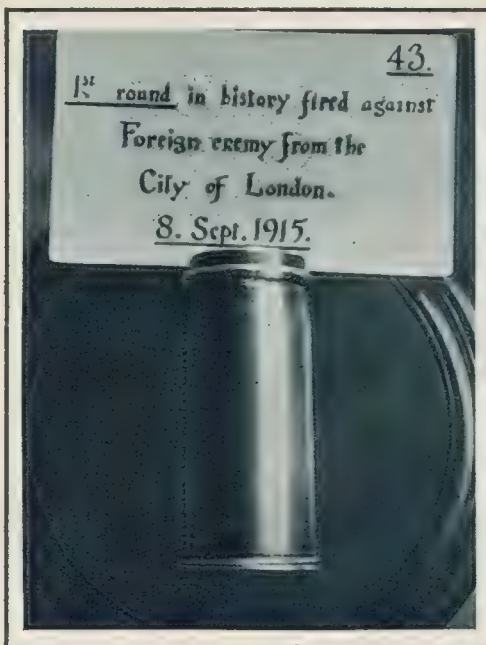
RELICS AND TROPHIES: IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM EXHIBITS.



RELICS OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE: (L. TO R.) A MORPHIA-BOX FOR THE CREW WHEN PAST HOPE; A CHRONOMETER STOPPED AT THE MOMENT OF DISASTER (12.45); AND A SWITCHBOARD—ALL FROM U.B.110.



PART OF A GERMAN LAND-MINE AND A SHIP'S LOOK-OUT SEAT.



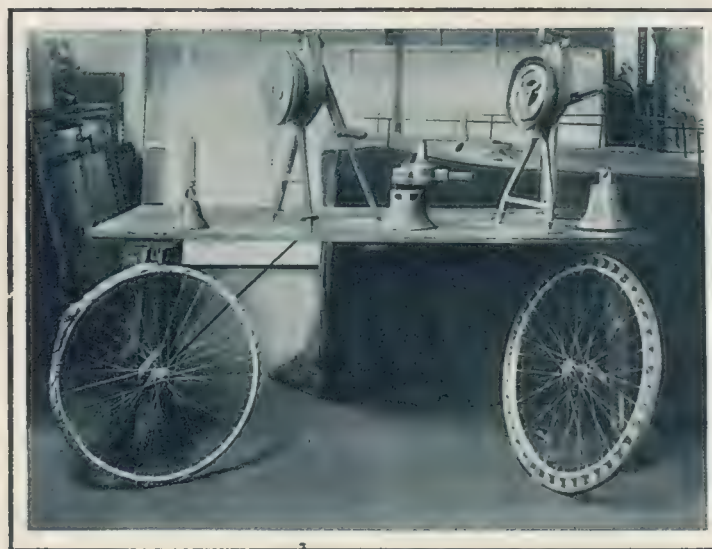
FIRE AT A ZEPPELIN ON SEPT. 8, 1915: LONDON'S FIRST SHOT.



FROM ATHENS: THE UNION JACK SALUTED BY GREEKS, JAN. 29, 1917.



SUBMARINE TROPHIES FROM THE U.B.110: A GAS-MASK, HYDROPHONE, HAND-FLASHING LAMP, AND BLOCKING SWITCH.



RECALLING GERMANY'S SHORTAGE OF RUBBER: SPRING AND ROPE BICYCLE TYRES, WITH VARIOUS GERMAN GAS-ALARM SYRENS.

The Imperial War Museum, when it is built, will be a mighty big affair, and of exceeding interest withal. A Committee, with Sir Alfred Mond as Chairman, Sir Martin Conway as Director-General, and Major Charles Foulkes as Secretary, has been formed for organising collections of war relics and trophies destined eventually for the museum. Thus, Major-General Donald and his staff in France are busily gathering such objects in

France, while Major Beckles Willson has done similar work in Egypt, Palestine, and Mesopotamia, and has housed his treasures, *pro tem.*, in the Art Gallery at Alexandria. In this country the collections are at present scattered in various places—at a great store in Lupus Street, Pimlico, a depot at Croydon, one for air relics at Catford, and others for naval trophies at the dockyards. Examples of women's work are at

[Continued opposite

ADOPTED BY CHARLIE CHAPLIN! A GERMAN SNIPER'S "TREE."



EXHIBITS FOR THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM: A GERMAN SNIPER'S SUIT AND DUMMY TREE-STUMP OF METAL USED AS OBSERVATION POST.

Continued.]

Queen Anne's Gate, and pictures in Buckingham Palace Road. The objects here shown are at the Lupus Street store. The piece of a German land mine was found at Lindia, East Africa. The look-out

man's seat was on the mast of the German torpedo-boat G.194, left on the forecastle of H.M.S. "Cleopatra" when she rammed and cut the G.194 in two on March 26, 1916.

Photographs by Sport and General, and one (London's first shell), by L.N.A.



THE PARK IN PEACE TIME.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

SUNDAY morning and the Park. Why everyone wanders through the Park on the Sabbath day I do not know—still, all the "Yous" do. So therefore the "Yous" friend, Phrynette, must also walk and admire the leafless trees. Ah, but the "Yous" are to be seen in quantity—riding, walking, and motoring. One thing I particularly noticed—the "knot" of pre-war days is much *en évidence*. Savile Row suits and Bond Street hosiery fill one with a thrill—a thrill of pleasure not caused by the masculine beauty that it encases, but by the knowledge that the prevailing multi or plain cloth means that the war is really over, and thus it comes home to us. But the "knot" himself—that is what I refer to. I fear he will ever be the popular buffoon of musical comedy and revue; but in real life one regards him with a new perspective. No longer can one joke at the immaculate, eye-glassed individual one ridiculed as the "Piccadilly Johnny" or "Bond Street Beau," for one can never forget how in the first days of war these Beau Brummells of dance fame and gay living flocked to the colours, discarding their raiment of fine linen for the rough khaki which the private soldier wears, and silken shirts for thick flannels.

So many people are riding again, and isn't it a joy to see numbers of really good horses about? How welcome the gee-gee's return to civil life! "Where do they come from?" asks the innocent pedestrian. Well, the Army has released many, and hunters are daily being sold and bought at fabulous prices.

I asked one fair Diana where she had found her stately mounts. "Oh," she replied, "they have been *camouflaged as cows* during the war, but now they can reappear as my mounts." But she was probably taxing the foreigner's credulity!

A magnificent and picturesque figure in the Row one recent Sunday was a foreign Prince, turbaned and richly garbed, riding a glorious stallion, and escorted by a group of English officers. The decorative nobleman is one of the ornaments of the Carlton.

Polo, too, is starting soon. At Ranelagh matches are arranged for May. Several other clubs are preparing their grounds.

Many M.A.M. are already at work, and in the field are numberless

khaki figures to be seen, for the "Yous" on leave dash off to their beloved sports, leaving their fair admires who do not ride to bemoan their absence; but who can grudge them anything now that they are free to enjoy their favourite pastime?

How is your cold? I think it was clever of Gladys

Peto to choose this season of shivers and sneezes to give her latest *chef-d'oeuvre*—handkerchief—*chief-d'oeuvre*, rather!—to the world. Imagine the 'cutest collection of handkerchiefs in shades to warm the eyes—and the nose—with, as subject figure of the freeze, your friend Phrynette "in the mountain," "*en déshabillé*"—I'm shy!—"in a breeze," and even "at home"—pure imagination, the latter, for she is seldom there! Gladys Peto asks me, as she sends me the samples, if I mind the use of my name. It seems it was Mr. Sefton's idea. (Mr. Sefton is the inventor of the Sefton silk-like fabric.) Not at all. I am glad, Gladys. The thought of being pressed against millions of faces, even in effigy, thrills me, though the prospect of being sent to the boiler leaves me cold!

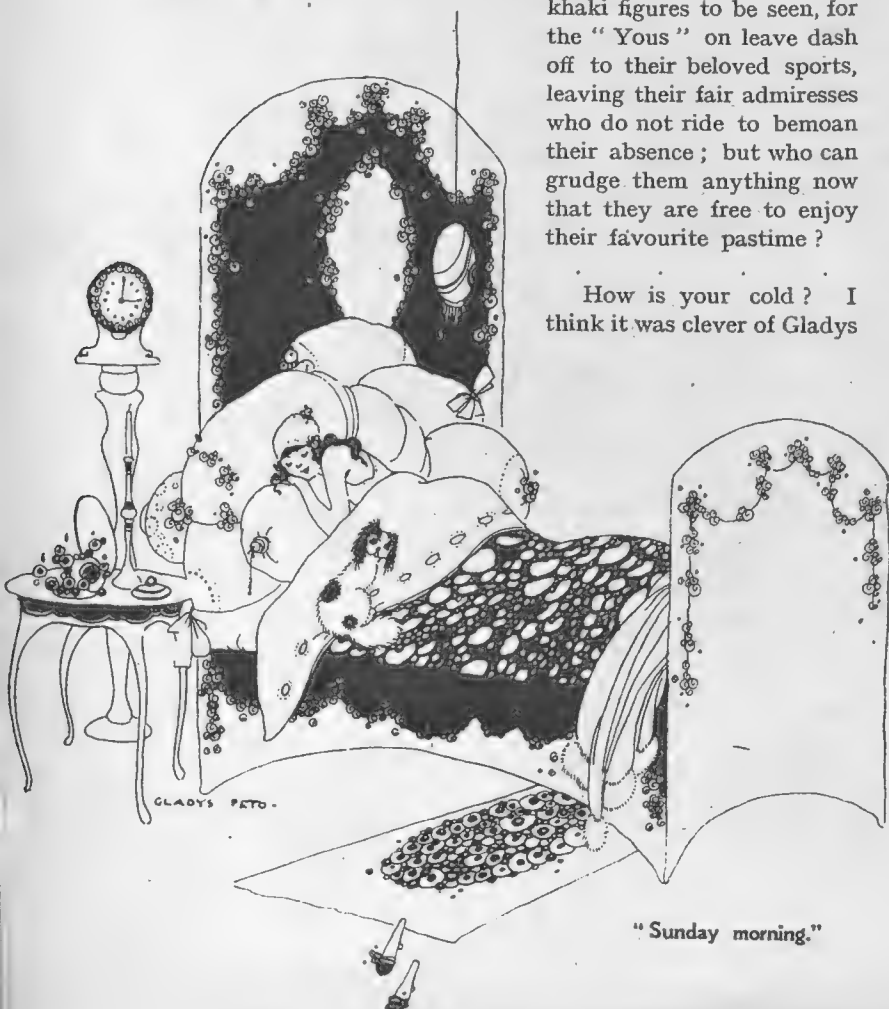
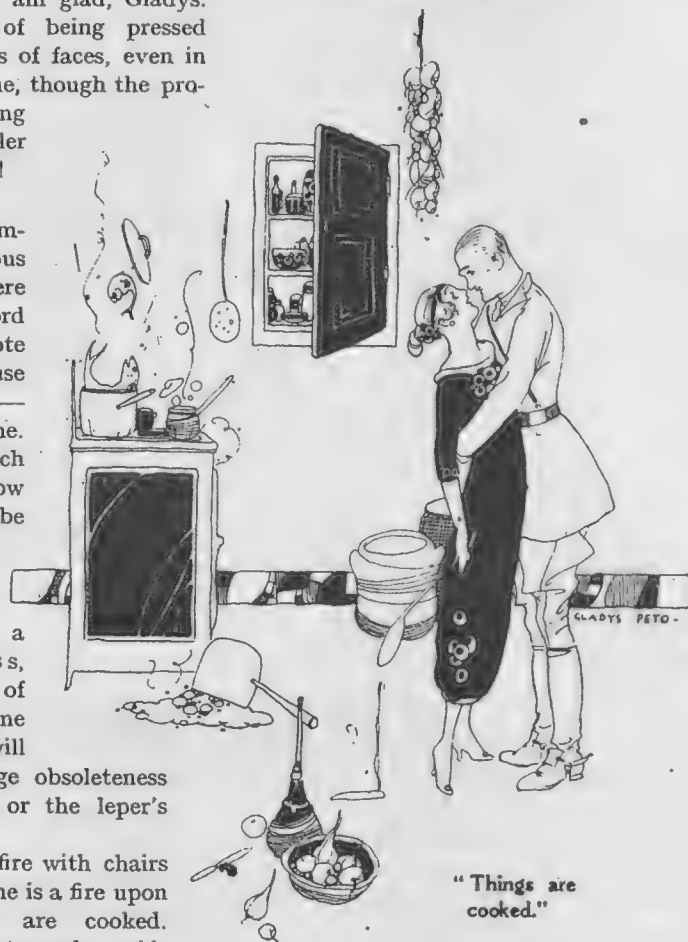
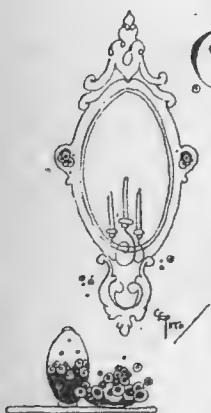
In this seemingly frivolous paragraph there was one word which, as I wrote it, made me pause and shudder—the word Home.

There is still such a word, but how long will there be such a thing? The home is becoming little by little such a comfortless, cheerless sort of place that in time to come it will equal in strange obsolescence the hermitage or the leper's hut!

Home is a fire with chairs round it. Home is a fire upon which things are cooked. Home is a grate and a grid-iron combined. But, when there is no one willing to clean the grate and cook the food, the home fire won't keep burning by itself. Women, so the newspapers and the servants' agencies tell us, will do anything and go anywhere except in domestic service. I am not blaming them. It is we women who have killed the goose that lay the breakfast egg. We have scolded and criticised and bullied Mary Ann to extinction. Even a 'tweenie will turn, never to return! And meanwhile the hotels and restaurants are choke-full, and meals at home are a jaw-sore puzzle!

Still, this is an explanation, but not a solution. And servants are scarcer and scarcer. And life less and less smooth.

A bachelor friend of mine, who told me the story with gusto, is trying to train the little son, aged thirteen, of his housekeeper to fill the place of a parlour-maid between school hours. On the initiation day of the improvised servant there was a "rag" in the flat of my friend. The youth was carefully coached. "When the bell rings, you answer the door. If it is a lady, show her into this room, where she can leave her cloak and things; if it is a gentleman, show him into that room. I shall be waiting in the drawing-room," said the master. All went well that night; but the next day my friend, who had advertised for a lady secretary, was horrified to hear from his studio his zealous valet leading feminine footsteps into his room, saying, "This way, Miss; take your clothes off in here. Master is waiting in the next room." Upon which the feminine steps retreated hurriedly down the stairs. It is a wonder the police never took the matter up!



"CINDERS," IN MANCHESTER: A POPULAR PRINCIPAL GIRL.



AS CINDERELLA, AT THE ROYAL: MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE.

Miss Courtneidge, who is, of course, daughter of Mr. Robert Courtneidge, is "making very good" at the Royal, Manchester, and, as Cinderella, acts, sings, and dances with both grace and charm. Her songs include "My Tennessee" and "When I Get the Civvies on Again"; while

she sings the duet, "Will You Dance the Last Waltz with Me?" with Miss Beatrice Allen, the Prince Amor; and the duet, "Teach Me How to Love," with Little Tich. Miss Courtneidge has captured both London and the Provinces by her talent.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



YOU needn't go any farther than the nearest picture-palace to learn that the malicious man usually makes himself more ridiculous than dangerous. Instead of shocking us with his sinister looks and vindictive doings, he tickles us most of the time and makes us laugh. For he is that joyous thing, an unconscious humourist. He does his level best to be dreadful, and seldom succeeds in being more than amusing.

Now Gerald Cumberland is amusing in his book of reminiscences; but in spite of his title, "Set Down in Malice," he is not

malicious. Perhaps he tried to be—I don't know; but he has a sense of humour, and to be actually malicious a man must be quite humourless. He has an audacious candour. His admiration of Frank Harris, of Sir Hall Caine, Lloyd George, A. R. Orage, "G. K. C.," and others is warm and unstinted; and if elsewhere he hits out in all directions at the living and the dead—at Harold Brighouse, Stanley Houghton, Arnold Bennett, and a large company of authors, journalists, music and dramatic critics—it is only as the jester does with his bladder, which makes noise enough yet cracks no crowns. Now and then, in moments of that self-consciousness to which we are all liable, he evidently has it in mind that he is saying wickedly smart and cutting things; but he isn't really—it's only his fancy. If he considers Miss Horni-



AUTHOR OF "THE DALES OF ARCADY":
MRS CHARLES RATCLIFFE.

Mrs. Ratcliffe, whose book of poems, "The Dales of Arcady," has just been published, is a niece of Sir Edward Brotherton, M.P. for Wakefield, and was Lady Mayoress of Leeds two years ago. She is a flying woman, and a business woman, being on the Board of Brothertons, Ltd., the great chemical manufacturers.—[Photograph by Erskine Macdonald, Ltd.]

man's Manchester disciples "priggishly intellectual, self-consciously superior," there is no malice in his saying so. Those and the rest are, presumably, his opinions. It does not follow that they are right, but they are his; and there is no reason why a man should not say exactly what he thinks of everybody without having to feel that, because he does so, he is a bit of a dog—a dazzling and rather desperate fellow. Mr. Cumberland has wit and an engaging impertinence that looks like the same thing; and he laughs indifferently at his own follies as well as at those of his contemporaries. The interviews with Shaw, Zangwill, Barry Pain are capital light comedy; that with Bennett is languished with farce, but—malice?

No; nothing worse than high spirits, self-conceit, and a certain amount of affectation. As Lucas Field, the dramatist, observes in "One Man's View" (the newest volume in Leonard Merrick's collected edition), "To be sincere and brilliant at the same time is a little difficult"; yet Merrick himself succeeds in doing it. The philosophy of his novels is all of a piece; the world he reveals is a hard world, but not a bad or an unhappy one. His comment on the apologia of the futile Heriot, that "the man with a failure to explain is always grateful to have married," is not cynical, but simply true. And here again he touches on the poignant things of life with so light a hand that you scarcely know whether to call the story a comedy or a tragedy. He has the art of humanising his people and a charm of style that interests you in whatever happens to them.

Stephen Gwynn is not always in an affable mood. He owns that his miscellaneous writings have been largely "attempts to convert and attempts to annoy," and that perhaps he was "never so annoying as when most anxious to convert"; and while he protests that his essays, "For Second Reading," are only "attempts to

please," his proposal to hang all professors of elocution is scarcely calculated to please the professors, though his reason for hanging them is laudable, and, no doubt, he would conduct the operation as pleasantly as possible. Nor would those who are advocating the new, up-to-date methods of educating the children be gratified by the whimsical vigour with which he makes hay of their solemn theories in "The Modern Parent." Apart, however, from a few such lapses, Mr. Gwynn writes of books, authors, gardens, travel, and matters of everyday human concern with delightful friendliness and humour.

I am sorry that Darrell Figgis burdened his "Bye-Ways of Study" with an Introduction which is in parts petulantly bitter and complacent. One could take him with more seriousness if he took himself with less. He assumes that everybody is bound to be familiar with his exploits as a Sinn Feiner, and I am sure his two elusive references to the result of those exploits will be incomprehensible to several of his readers. He records vaguely that certain of his proofs "were corrected hastily near midnight while men with revolvers stood over me"; and you have a melodramatic vision of two grim ruffians holding the weapons at his head, getting ready to shoot, and Mr. Figgis pursuing his literary task heroically unperturbed. If he has no malice, he is absurdly ready to impute malice to others. In thanking three London editors from whose papers three of his essays are reprinted, he adds that possibly, because he is a sinful Sinn Feiner, they "may receive these thanks with some truculence," whereas no reasonable person would suspect any of the three of such silliness.

Even if I suspected that Mr. Figgis would receive with truculence my thanks for his essays; I should offer them, because they are good essays—three of them careful studies of Parnell, of Francis Thompson, of Meredith in his Letters; and the fourth, "For Demand of Peace: or Else Not," based on two old documents found in the Calendar of State Papers, a valuable contribution to Irish history.

Here, for lighter reading, is "Just Buster," a tale told in the letters of a girl, half-tomboy, half-minx, who is bored in the country and always in trouble, and finally in love, and, in the ninety-ninth letter, still "just Buster" and just married. And before you go to bed you might read J. W. Wickwar's "Dreams," in case you have

any and would like to know what they mean. I don't accept all his interpretations, but that is no reason why you shouldn't.

BOOKS TO READ.

Set Down in Malice. By Gerald Cumberland. (Grant Richards.)

One Man's View. By Leonard Merrick. With Introduction by Granville Barker. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

For Second Reading. By Stephen Gwynn. (Maunsell.)

Bye-Ways of Study. By Darrell Figgis. (Fisher Unwin.)

Just Buster. By Lilian M. Bullock. (Westall.)

Dreams: What They Are and What They Mean. By J. W. Wickwar. (Jarrold.)

The Feminine in Fiction. By L. A. M. Priestly. (Allen and Unwin.)

Hearts Courageous. By John Oxenham. (Methuen.)



RECEIVER OF A WEDDING GIFT OF
£1,000,000: LADY MICHELHAM.

Despite the sad element of bereavement, there was, inevitably, also, an element of romance in the marriage of Miss Beatrice Capel, on Jan. 4, to Mr. Herman Alfred Stern, the elder son, born in 1899, of the late Baron Michelham, and his successor in the title. Lord Michelham's more than regal wedding gift to his son's wife is stated to have been £1,000,000. Lady Michelham, the mother of the second Baron, signed the register, as, too, did Count de Lubersac.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



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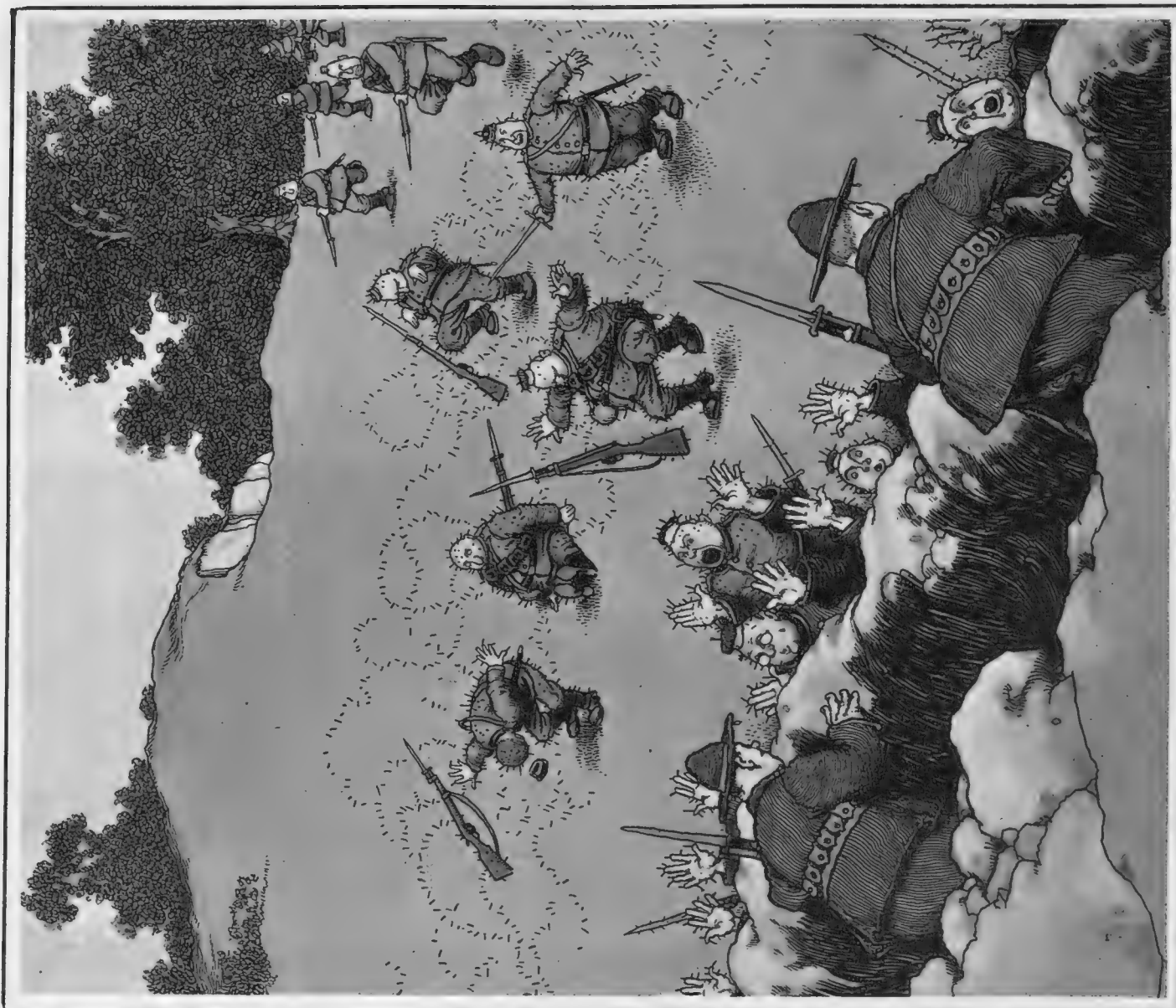
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ROBINSON IMAGINES AMERICA IN THE FIELD! XI.—A MORTAR TO ENABLE TROOPS TO BRIDGE CHASMS.

DRAWINGS BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)



ROBINSON IMAGINES AMERICA IN THE FIELD! XII.—A BARBED-WIRELESS ENTANGLEMENT.

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AIR FORCE DEVELOPMENTS: SOME GUESSES AT THE FUTURE.

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

THE Royal Air Force seems to be a kind of Ireland of the Services, always finding grievances—perfectly legitimate grievances—and making a song about them. The analogy is even correct up to the Home Rule question. When the R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. were integral parts of the Navy and Army respectively a lot of the people therein wanted Home Rule. With the aid of sundry politicians at Westminster they got their Home Rule, in the shape of the Air Ministry, and ever since then most people in the R.A.F. want to get rid of their Home Rule, and to go back to the Senior Services again.

Prospective Re-arrangements.

It seems quite probable that sooner or later all three factions will be pleased, for it is practically certain that the Admiralty has decided to have its own Naval air service, though it is not certain whether the old R.N.A.S. will be revived as such; and when the Navy sits up and cries hard enough for anything, it is sure to get it, being the nation's pet child. It has also been stated in print, and it has never been officially denied, that the military portion of the R.A.F. is going back to the War Office, which seems an obviously sensible idea, and would probably work quite amicably, seeing that Major-General Sir F. H. Sykes, Chief of the Air Staff, is on the friendliest possible terms with General Sir Henry Wilson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. There would then remain the Home Rule, Separatist, Self-Determined, Independent Air Force, under a Civilian Air Ministry, which would run it as a sort of Civil Service for aerial transport, and aerial police, and so forth. In fact, it would be a sort of cross between the Post Office, a State Railway, and the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Adventures for the I.A.F.

The new Air Force must be semi-military in organisation, for

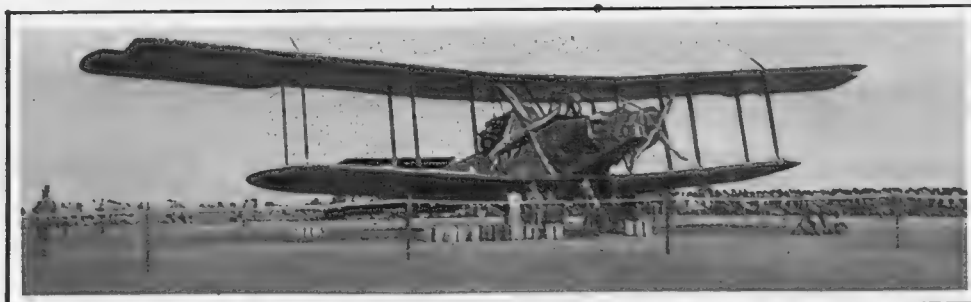
it will have to be an armed force in many of its sections. For example, the postal aircraft flying across Africa, Arabia, Asia Minor, the Malay Archipelago, and other wild parts of the earth will have to carry arms, for defence against brigands, pirates, desert tribes, and other wild men, in case of enforced descents. Therefore, the personnel will have to be trained in the use of arms. The aircraft themselves will have to be adaptable for bomb-dropping, in case it is necessary to administer a lesson to any piratical tribes who interfere with machines stranded on their way, or with isolated landing-grounds or supply-stations. Which also means that the land crews of these intermediate stations will have to be skilled in the use of arms, for such stations will, of necessity, be established in out-of-the-way parts

of undeveloped countries, the point being that aeroplane lines will be of greater use in undeveloped savage countries than in countries where railways already exist.

Cape to Cairo Pioneering.

And thus the Civil Aerial Transport Air Force, which one imagines will still be called the Royal Air Force, will provide plenty of employment for a number of our young fighting pilots and observers, as

well as for ground officers and air mechanics—or airmen, as the rank and file of the R.A.F. are now called. The pioneer work of finding and laying out aerodromes in the wild parts of the earth will offer any amount of adventure to those who care for such a life. Only the other day, General Sykes said that some of the R.A.F. people are already surveying the Cape-to-Cairo air line; and one can im-



THE GREAT FLIGHT FROM EGYPT TO INDIA: THE HANDLEY-PAGE AT KARACHI.

The Handley-Page here illustrated was flown by Major-General W. G. H. Salmond, accompanied by Captain Ross Smith, from Cairo to Karachi, a distance of 2548 miles, in thirty-six hours of actual flying-time. The machine had previously been flown to Egypt from England, and had been on service on the Palestine front. Later, the flight was continued to Delhi—another 720 miles.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

agine the excitement of trying to make an aerodrome in a piece of scrubland which happens to be the favourite pitch of a bull rhinoceros, or a family of self-confident lions.



THE WIRELESS TELEPHONE AT WORK: ORDERS TO AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT.

On the occasion illustrated, four aeroplanes ascended from Washington, one of them fitted with the new wireless telephone apparatus. At a height of two thousand feet, this 'plane flew away from the other three, but was able, nevertheless, to keep up communication with them and direct their flight, and at the same time keep in communication with the radio-telephone station on the ground. Senator F. E. Warren and Colonel Culver, of the U.S. Aviation service, the inventor, are shown listening to communications.

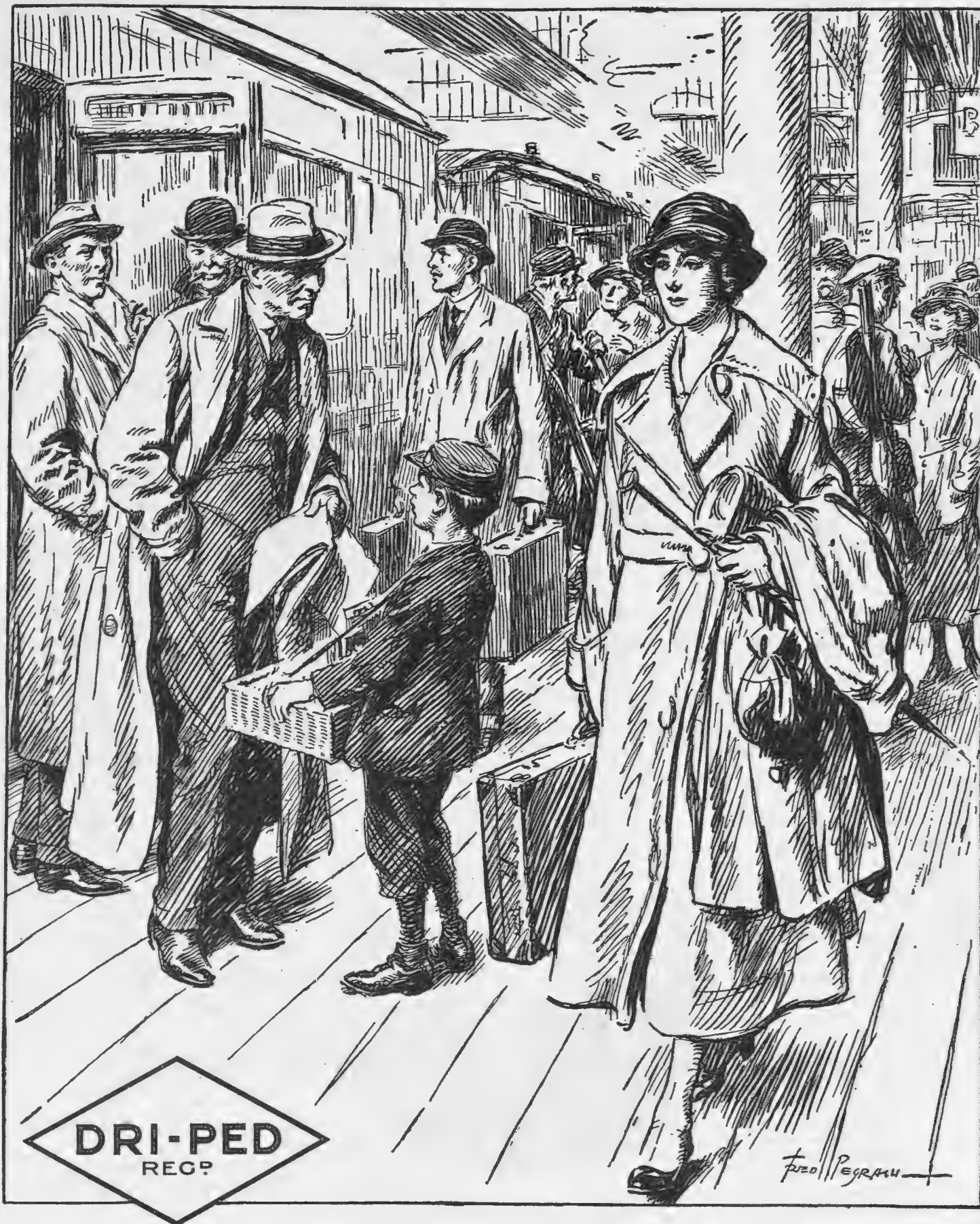
American Official Photograph.

Aerodromes in Big-Game Haunts.

Even guarding such an aerodrome after it is made, and for many years to come, will be quite sufficiently exciting work. One would recommend putting up concrete machine-gun emplacements, on the lines of a German pill-box, at the corners of the ground, so that if a herd of elephants happens to have taken a fancy to the nice-looking open space just about the time when the Bulawayo Mail is signalling for her landing, it will be possible to clear the ground without undue risk to the ground crew. It is even possible that here may be found a useful sphere of activity for our Army Tanks, which could be used both for rolling and mowing the aerodrome, and for driving away the fiercer fauna of the district, when they venture to trespass thereon.

The Lawless Folk. The life of adventure thus opened to the Home Rule Air Force should keep alive that "fine offensive spirit" which did so much in the war, and should provide a useful outlet for the wilder and more lawless people, who will not appreciate the idea of settling down to routine work, and mere experimental or practice flying in the Navy and Army in time of peace.

And these same lawless folk, with their semi-military aircraft, will be, in future wars, in the air what the patrol-ships and mine-sweepers and other adventurers of the Mercantile Marine were to the Navy in this war. That is to say, they will do all the hard work, and will take most of the kicks for it. Only they will be more or less organised from the start as an Independent Air Force.



Drawing by Fred Pegram.

"Dri-ped" is not a mere trade description: it is a brand by which you may recognise the only leather of its kind in the world. Not all green leather is Dri-ped; no leather is Dri-ped unless it bears the diamond trade mark in purple every few inches.

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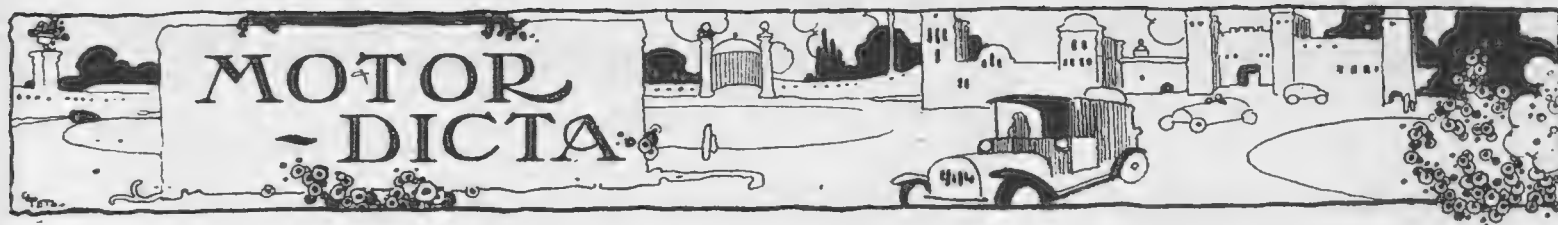
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MOTORISM IN PARLIAMENT: DOWN WITH "DORA": FUEL. BY GERALD BISS.

I HAD heard rumours that the "A.A." had not been quite so lax and lethargic as most folk seemed to presume over the period of the General Election, but forebore to butt in, awaiting results. Like everyone else, this particular body was up against the Lloyd-Georgian rush and hurry of his Coalition swoop and scoop, both as regards uncertainty of date, shortness of interval between nomination and polling, the new system generally, and the impossibility of getting a reliable list of candidates until within a few days of the actual election. Nevertheless, undeterred by these difficulties of dutiful democracy electing itself (?), the A.A. got out a pretty sound letter, an epitome of the case for automobilism, to each of the candidates, concluding with three salient questions as to whether they were prepared to support (1) A modern and up-to-date Motor-Car Bill without delay; (2) The reconstruction of the roads upon adequate lines; and (3) Active measures to assure a sufficient supply of motor fuel at a reasonable price, and the encouragement of home-produced fuel.

The A.A.'s Election Letter.

With Little Man George from Cambria standing there with his forelock (and hindlocks as well) awaiting the end of the barbers' strike, and his relentless scythe ready to mow down stray Asquithians and pernicious Pacifists alike, impersonating Time and forcing the clock, there was no time to act upon accepted business principles and follow up the first letter with a second; and yet again to whip up unresponsive stragglers with a third and final frontal attack. Yet withal, although it was not only a time of great personal stress, but this election candidates were more careless of pleasing either individuals or public bodies than ever since the Reform Act, no fewer than 341 replies were received, of which 276 were in entire agreement, and the other 65 merely suggested minor conditions and qualifications, and no single candidate wrote in any spirit of hostility. It is distinctly a feather in the A.A.'s cap, and shows that it is very much alive and quite ready to kick with the revival of motoring; and, what is more satisfactory still, it proves that there is a nice substantial nucleus in the new House favourable to the interests of motorists and motoring. Now is the time to form a Parliamentary committee to push the good work along; and perhaps that, too, is not so very far away, or so much up in the clouds.

Disestablish "Dora."

Anyhow, so far as the "A.A." is concerned, there is immediate work lying to hand, work on the good old revolutionary lines that originally made its fame and popularity; and it is up to it to blow

its trumpets in Berkeley Street till, before such an automobile fanfare, the whole bureaucratic structure of the Petrol Control Board fall, with its ill-gotten sixpenny sur-tax and its red-tape string of inquisitorial questions on the still prevailing principle of "Your petrol or your life." We must at all costs disestablish and disendow "Dora," with all her myrmidons and mermaidens, and let every free-born Briton return unfettered to his own vice and fig-leaf—or

vine and fig-tree, if he prefer the simple pleasures of Bacchanal rusticity.

Home-Produced Fuel.

Meanwhile, during this morning's battle between my ninepenny egg and my three-penny Times, I note that the

"A.A." is calling to its aid the modern weapon of advertisement to propagate a campaign to assure home-produced fuel, and appealing for the assistance of the individual motorist (at no expense to himself) in organising and driving such an attack right home at the proper moment. Indeed, since Major Stenson Cooke got back into "civvies," he is so full of superabundant energy that I shall expect one fine foggy morning to find him turning double back-somersaults in Hedge Lane on the lines of Old Father William in "Alice." Still, it is very sound and satisfactory to find somebody full of energy in demobilising superfluities and reconstructing essentials; and it comes at the right moment, especially where fuel, the life-blood and essence of auto-propulsion, is concerned.

Beware Imported Petrol.

I am quite in agreement with the *Autocar* that the dissolution of the Petrol Pool Board is quite likely to bring about a price-cutting war by the importing trusts against home-produced fuel in its early

efforts to organise and establish itself, hoping both to knock them out and swallow their remains; and further to reconstruct a portion of the goodwill they have so successfully alienated one way and another for some years past. For who, argue these masters of subtle finance, will not prefer petrol—really nice, clean, sweet petrol that will combust, not malodorous low-grade war spirit—in saucy emerald and vermillion tins that make glad the heart of motor-man at such a sweetly reasonable price as recalls the early days of motoring, when nobody cared how many or how few

miles his old iron hammered out to the gallon? Moreover, they have said not only in their own hearts, but once openly in a moment of inadvertence, "What is the price of petrol? Surely it is the price that it pays us best to sell it at for our own ends." So beware of ostensibly cheap petrol. In the long run—and not such a very long run at that—it pans (or cans) out the most expensive.



AT MUSLIMIE: WRECKED GERMAN MOTOR TRANSPORT.—[Official Photograph.]



ON HISTORIC GROUND: A BRITISH MOTOR-LORRY CROSSING THE LADDER OF TYRE.—[Official Photograph.]

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Smith's Starting & Lighting System

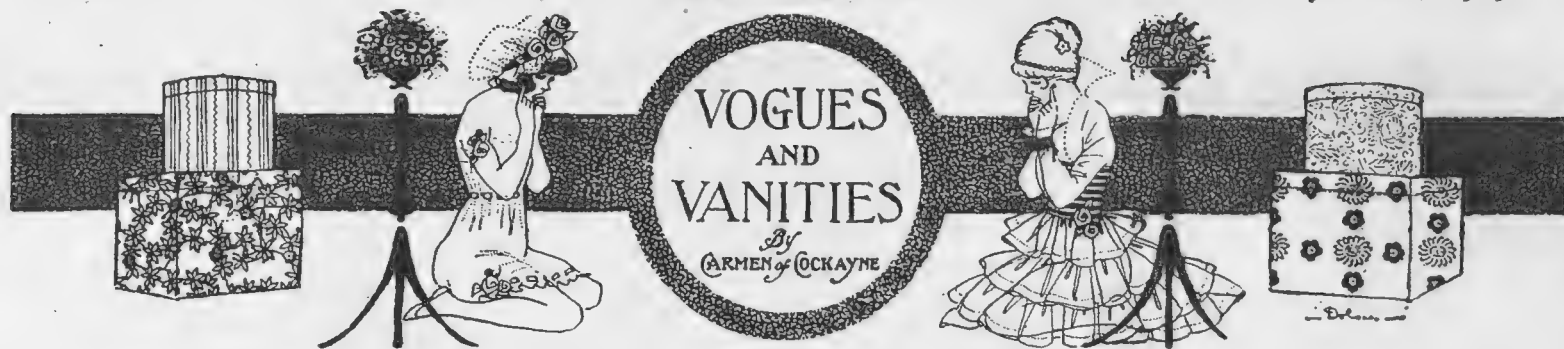
Cailler's

COCOA

The Cocoa with the Chocolate Flavour

Pure and Nourishing

Sold by all high-class Grocers and Stores.



What Made Them Do It?

Owners of "bobbed" heads are beginning to wonder "what made them do it." It almost looks as if fashion were going to leave them badly in the lurch. If it's true that you must cut your coat according to your cloth, it is equally true that you must wear your hair with some regard for the style in which you dress. More than four years of war helped to bring about something like a revolution in the dress world. It cut out "frills" of all kind. Except in the case of the fortunate few whose purses were deep enough to withstand anything, women simply couldn't spare money to indulge in frivolous frocks. Severity became the height of fashion, trimming was strictly "rationed," and all the delightful nothings that come under the heading of "chiffons" went by the board.

The Beginning.

Personally, I'm not quite clear as to who started the "bobbed" head fashion. It may have been one of those enthusiasts who, quite early in the war, adopted, in a frenzy of enthusiasm, the semi-military type of dress that died almost as soon as some enterprising designer launched it on an indifferent world. Perhaps it was the first of the women to put on the khaki of the female volunteer. Whoever it was, her action did in a few brief weeks what the example of a select and "arty" few had failed to do in several years. Quite suddenly, smart women began to appear with their hair short. Those who hadn't the courage to indulge in the "whole hog," so to speak, compromised by securing a fluffy side-whisker effect that, coupled with the all-hiding hat then in vogue, suggested the absence of long hair. The passion developed with the rapidity of 'flu. Curly "bobs" and straight ones, fluffy "bobs" and lank ones, bobbed heads with carefully arranged



To every head its transformation, and curls are as becoming as coils any day.

ringlets and others that suggested a recent visit to a regimental barber, sprang up on every side. It was really rather attractive. The plain frocks fitted in with the uncoiffed head in a much more becoming way than anyone had imagined. With evening dress results were not quite so happy; but then very few people wore evening dress, for there were not many occasions on which evening dress was required, and not a few had very little heart for them when they did arise.

The Frocks of Peace.

But the frocks of war disappeared—metaphorically speaking, of course—with the armistice. The frocks of peace are making their appearance in increasing numbers every day, and so far they show no sign of having taken into account the special and particular needs of the "bobbed" brigade. Unfortunately, it is easier to cut off hair than to grow it. Locks that fell at the advance of the severely simple frock decline obstinately to grow into silky tresses just because Fashion, in an access of affection, is determined to hold every woman in the tightest embrace she can manage. The short-haired ones deserve the deepest sympathy. There is no doubt about it, their shorn locks are quite out of tune with the new styles of frocks, and there's nothing quite so unbecoming as the feeling that you are not looking your best.

A Way Out.

In brief, the woman who has cropped her head must lie on it. But that is the worst punishment to which she need submit, and she need not do even that unless she fancies it. Beauty by the ounce is still available, just as it was in Shakespeare's day; and when it is beauty of the kind one finds in the "transformations," aptly named "La Naturelle," that they make at the Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, the last excuse for the woman who makes a grievance of her short hair vanishes.

The Importance of Looking Nice.

There are advantages about an arrangement of this kind that the densest person cannot fail to appreciate. Isn't there some Scriptural authority for calling a woman's hair her glory, or something very like it? But Nature isn't always kind, and the "bobbed" ones are not alone in wishing for "more hair." On the other hand, every sensible woman admits it's the duty of her sex to "look nice." But the thing is simply impossible without the gift, natural or imparted, of a really good head of hair—such, for instance, as the firm named put within the reach of every woman who has to seek the help of Art where Nature has failed.

The Art That Conceals Art.

Though art is good, there are times when the art that conceals art is even better. One of those times is when the owner of scanty tresses has to seek outside assistance. There are people whose memories carry them back to "wigs" whose every hair betrayed their "falseness"; there are still more women who know by pleasant experience that it is possible to face their dearest friend without her discovering that "La Naturelle" and not Nature is responsible for an appearance that owes as much to the hair of its owner as to the art of the dress-maker. "Transformations," like faces, differ, and it is an "impossible" woman who won't find at the salons at 40, Buckingham Palace Road, one in the style necessary to complete the work Nature has carelessly left undone. After all, there is nothing in the world quite so becoming to a woman as the consciousness that she is looking nice. And, to alter the proverb, "When looking nice is bliss, 'tis folly to stay plain."



You can have wavy hair at any time. It's just a matter of knowing where to get it.



Bobbed hair for youth and "La Naturelle" for its mother is almost an axiom of fashion.



The
LATEST & BEST RECORDS
Sent by Post

KEEP your stock of 'His Master's Voice' records up-to-date, so that you are always able to entertain your guests, as well as enjoy many pleasant hours yourself, with the finest music of the day sung and played by the original artists. The finest Audition Rooms in London and every Record in Stock. If you are unable to call—send for one of our catalogues—select whatever records you wish—and they will be sent to you through the post without delay.

The **WEST END**
GRAMOPHONE SUPPLY CO. LTD.
94 REGENT STREET
LONDON, W.1.
TELEPHONE 224, 225, 226
GERRARD



*Actual Photo, taken
at Salonika.*

PRIVATE MEISE, A.S.C., M.T.,
Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

Mrs. Meise writes: "It gives me great pleasure to inform you that I sent my husband two bottles of your Phosferine Tablets some time ago, and he writes from Salonika to say he has derived great benefit in taking it; not only has it kept him in good health and spirits, but it has been the means of saving him from a severe attack of Malaria, and although admitted to hospital he was out and about in the course of a few days, which he attributes to his system and nerves being fortified by careful and judicious use of Phosferine, and he concludes his letter by urging me to send him a good supply with every parcel."

This hardened soldier says Phosferine was the only effective means of safeguarding himself from Malaria and other sicknesses peculiar to the unhealthy Eastern climate—Phosferine enabled his nerve organisms to create that extra vital force to easily resist any prevailing epidemics.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is required. The 3/- tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. Prices: 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.



Morris's
YELLOW SEAL
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

have just that subtle touch of refinement and delicacy, indescribable in itself, which is so much sought after by connoisseurs.

1/4 for 20
everywhere.

B. Morris & Sons, Ltd.,
London.



BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS (EASTERN) LTD.

"A RECORD OF CONTINUED SUCCESS."

EXTENSION OF CHEMICAL MANUFACTURES.

SIR JESSE BOOT ON THE COMPANY'S WAR SERVICE.

THE Twenty-Sixth Ordinary General Meeting of Boots Cash Chemists (Eastern) (Limited), was held on Wednesday, Jan. 15, at the Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, Sir Jesse Boot, Bt. (managing-director) presiding.

The SECRETARY (Mr. Alex. L. Milne) read the notice convening the meeting, and Mr. G. C. T. Parsons read the auditors' report.

The CHAIRMAN said: "Ladies and Gentlemen.—To-day is the twenty-sixth annual meeting of our Company, and I am thankful to Providence that I have been able to attend them all. Last year our meeting was necessarily delayed; this year circumstances have made an even longer postponement unavoidable. You are familiar with some of our difficulties. On the one hand, military requirements have continued to reduce our *personnel*, so that a total of 4000 men have now been taken for active service from our various companies, and on the other hand the depleted staff at headquarters has had to cope with increasingly heavy Government demands for various important supplies and services. Pressure has also been added by the serious epidemic of influenza, so that the past year has, indeed, been one of unparalleled strain, and in some of the less essential matters it has not been possible to follow our regular course. We have, in these circumstances, felt it wise to attend to first things first, and to defer for a time reports and meetings as of less immediate importance. The delay in this connection is not a serious matter at all, for our ample reserves permit the timely distribution of dividends without waiting for the Annual Meeting. I had felt, too, that affairs in general might perhaps, become more settled, and that possibly a number of our staff might have returned from military service to assist us in the activities we have in prospect. This hope, however, has not yet been realised, and consequently I cannot speak so definitely as I would have liked of our future policy.

STEADY TRADING PROGRESS—STABILITY OF THE SHARES.

"I am, though, privileged to lay before you accounts which show steady progress in trading, and a balance-sheet which must be satisfactory to all our shareholders. As always in the history of our Company, we have aimed at making our shares stable for investment purposes rather than a medium for speculation—to preserve an even keel, so to say—and I congratulate our shareholders on the steadiness their shares have shown. It is true that, in common with all other securities, they were for a time affected by the large amount of Government bonds placed on the market, but on the whole they have maintained their equilibrium splendidly. A glance at the Report discloses a very adequate reason for this stability. As a result of past successful trading and prudent management through a long series of years, we have in hand large reserves of every description; and one point observed in the Report worthy of special emphasis is that the carry-over alone (£21,048 19s. 6d.) is adequate to meet a full year's dividends upon all shares, for which, including 12½ per cent. upon the Ordinary shares, a sum of £21,000 is needed. This is indeed a gratifying state of affairs, as showing in most conclusive fashion the extraordinary financial strength of the Company. Moreover, while I am able to speak so favourably of the past year, I look forward with confidence to our future business. Our service is well established and of proved utility, and, with the return of our old assistants, various developments and extensions will be carried out such as to confirm us more than ever in popular favour, and to strengthen still more the position of the Company.

"The Eastern is the oldest of Boots companies, and its territory is more fully covered than the districts served by the other Companies. Still, as I have remarked on previous occasions, most of our shareholders in the Eastern have holdings in these other companies, and they will, therefore, be glad of a general survey of policy and progress. Happily, in every case the record is one of uninterrupted prosperity. New branches have been opened at Portsmouth and Plymouth, which are already meeting with warm public appreciation; and throughout the whole country the accomplishments and prospects of our branches are highly encouraging.

BRITISH SCIENCE AND GERMAN POISON GASES.

"I wish to make special reference to the war-work performed by our parent company—Boots Pure Drug Company (Ltd.). It is a class of work which, by God's grace, we shall never again be called upon to undertake, but I think what we have done well worthy of record. (Hear, hear.) Not only am I proud of the help we were able to give to the medical man and the pharmacist, whose services, both on the field and at home, it would be impossible to rate too highly; I reflect with deep feeling upon the part we have played in protecting our men from the most atrocious of all the enemy's weapons—poison gas. You have all heard of Colonel E. F. Harrison, Controller of the Chemical Warfare Department, for on his recent death some part of his work was made public. But for his knowledge and skill, and his unremitting devotion to duty, the courage and mettle of our youth might have been in vain when the inhuman use of poison gases was made. He gave his life to his country, and I humbly add my tribute leaf to his wreath of laurel. In its early stages the use of poison gas was met by the simple respirator of cotton-wool and crêpe chemically treated. As it developed, however, a better protection became necessary, and the flannel helmet was evolved. This, in turn, proved useless against the more horrible ingenuities perpetrated by the perverted scientists of the enemy; indeed, it was worse than useless, it was a positive danger, for our gallant fellows 'carried on,' trusting to it in circumstances in which it was totally inefficient. Something further had to be done; science was pitted against diabolism, and science won through Colonel Harrison and his devoted colleagues, who produced in the box-respirator a sure defence against the poison gases of our foes.

"It is a thrilling and pregnant chapter in the history of the war. Colonel Harrison visited us at Nottingham, and I need hardly say that our resources and assistance were freely placed at his service. For some months he collaborated with our research staff, and the fruit of this co-operation was a chemical product which seemed likely to defy the most evil possibilities of our opponents. Then came the crucial test—the only sure test—a trial not under laboratory conditions, but on the actual field; and with a confidence tempered by natural anxiety this test was made. It was successful—completely so—the box-respirator furnished with this product beat the poison gases. Within a short time it was in use by the million.

MANUFACTURE OF THE BOX-RESPIRATOR.

"We were requested to undertake without delay the manufacture of this new respirator on a large scale. Our scientific staff had given their best endeavours during the preliminary period of research, and their assistance was continued in improving and perfecting the processes involved. Now our manufacturing organisation engaged diligently in giving wide practical effect to the life-saving discovery. Our best chemists, engineers, and organisers united in planning a factory with the most efficient equipment for continuous manufacture under the most skilful direction. The preparation of the respirators may be divided into two parts: the making of the necessary chemicals, and the filling and assembling of the respirators. The work throughout calls for the utmost nicety and precision, for the product must withstand the severest tests, and must be as carefully finished as the soldier's rifle. It was found essential to have the chemicals in such form as to be entirely free from dust or powder, otherwise minute particles getting into the respirator-valves would leave an orifice—a very tiny orifice, indeed, but yet enough to permit the entrance of sufficient gas to prove fatal. To meet this requirement we prepared the chemicals as granules of an exact, specified uniformity. The granule making was originally done by hand, but our experts speedily evolved mechanical devices, which performed the work much more expeditiously. For several months we were the sole manufacturers of the box-respirator, but finally the demand developed so enormously that we had to seek relief to prevent a serious dislocation of our general business. This was the situation. We have 600 branches throughout the country. They are perfectly equipped, and are one and all engaged in a medical service highly necessary to the public. Even all this must inevitably have been sacrificed had no other plan been possible, but other firms had workers who had been engaged upon the manufacture of the flannel helmet which the new respirator had superseded. Consequently, we asked the authorities to supply some of our chemical granules to these firms, so that they might assist in the filling and assembling. At the same time we helped these auxiliaries in every possible way to establish the system and methods which were such an acknowledged success at our own factory. It is well at this point to note that, in proportion to the number of people we engaged upon it, our output of work was consistently superior to that of any other firm. You will all hear with pride, I feel sure, that we manufactured almost the whole of the chemicals for the twenty million box-respirators made, and actually delivered 7½ millions of the respirators complete for the use of the British, American, and Italian Forces. (Hear, hear.) You will agree with me that ours was no mean achievement, but one which our shareholders and our companies may view with satisfaction. (Hear, hear.)

"POPULAR MISAPPREHENSIONS ABOUT PROFITEERING."

"Now I mean to refer to financial matters, and I hope to correct some popular misapprehensions about profiteering. It is quite a general opinion that what the tax authorities style 'excess profits' are really excessive profits, but I think that people of liberal ideas will be surprised to learn the percentages we have received upon our labours. We have, of course, been busy in maintaining our general business, which is of such a nature that in the public interest it cannot be neglected. Everything beyond this became subject to excess profits taxation. Our additional activities naturally increased our returns, just as every one would expect. There was, consequently, increased profit, and, though it was in no sense abnormal or excessive in percentage, it was treated as 'excess profits.' We offered, indeed, to carry out war-work for a profit of 2½ per cent. free of excess profits tax. What we actually received—there can be no harm in mentioning it—was 8 per cent. in some cases, and 10 per cent. in others, both subject to the tax. Now I want the workers to realise clearly the net result for us. Eighty-five pounds out of every hundred was returned to the State in taxes, so that we retained for ourselves profits of only 1 1-5 per cent. and 1½ per cent. respectively, or—to illustrate the case more pointedly—we got 3d. or 3½d. in the pound. That is to say, we managed important business, working with care and anxiety night and day, and paid out 19s. 8½d. or 19s. 9d. on labour, materials, and other charges, before we received each sovereign in return.

BIG GROSS PROFITS—SMALL NET BENEFITS.

"Sometimes gross profits may seem large; they must be when it is necessary to provide for the excess profits tax. For instance, on one occasion, when we were invited to undertake a special manufacture, I asked an expert in these matters how we could make a profit on it. You may find his reply illuminating. 'For every shilling of profit you need,' said he, 'you must charge the Department five shillings; then the Government will get four shillings and more back from you in taxation.' (Laughter.) In these circumstances we have become virtually tax-collectors for the Government. We do not grumble at all, for we have felt it a privilege to be of assistance to our country, but it is only fair to show clearly that we have received nothing in the way of excessive profits. I am not so foolish as to say that no firms have 'profiteered' during the war. Some, it seems, have received special benefits, such as exemption from excess profits taxation, and some have taken advantage of the country's needs. I am sure, though, that we are not the only people who have not made profits the sole consideration. We did the work with a good will, and with a sense of pride, but thousands of our regular helpers, being absent on active service, we carried it through only at the expense in many directions of the business at our 600 branches throughout the country. Valued customers of long standing have had to go short. We ask their indulgence, assured that they will excuse the inconvenience in view of this explanation; and we beg them to bear with us a little longer until a more complete return to former conditions enables us to give them our old-time service more fully.

"I am reluctant to leave this subject without explaining that during the last nine months of the war we actually carried out the work of respirator-filling at cost price, without a penny of profit. Our shareholders will commend this, I know, and they will join in my gratification at the receipt of a handsome letter of acknowledgment from the Chemical Warfare Department. (Hear, hear.)



MY DEAR ITS PERFECT—AND—ITS MADE OF VIGIL!

“VIGIL” is a British-made washing silk—pure throughout. Not being weighted with tin nor cheapened by cotton, great economy lies in its wonderful durability. Manufactured in the most beautiful pastel shades, plain white, khaki, and stripes.
An ideal silk for dainty wear.

Look for the word “Vigil” on the Selvedges.

“Vigil” Blouses

Many of the leading Drapers are now offering the most delightful creations in ready-made Blouses of “Vigil” Silk. Ask your Draper to show you the styles he has in stock.

8/11 per
yd.

“Vigil” can be obtained from the majority of the leading drapers, but if you have any difficulty, write direct to the Manufacturers, WALKER BROS., Ravensthorpe Mills, Ravensthorpe, Dewsbury, giving the name and address of the Draper you usually deal with.

40
in. wide

Vigil

THE PURE SILK

SALE BARGAINS

SALE CONTINUES
THROUGHOUT JANUARY.

Walpole
BROS. LTD.
89-90 NEW BOND ST. W.

WINTER DRESSING GOWNS

of ribbed Velvet lined throughout with fancy Delaine. The Models are specially designed in anticipation of a trying winter. They are ideal for comfort without their smart appearance being minimised in any detail. Walpoles could not have offered these ideal gowns of comfort at the price had they not purchased Fabric and Fur before the many increases which have taken place.

MODEL G. 14

Long roll Collar, Girdle and Cuffs of a beautifully soft shade of Grey Velvet on a ground colour of Mauve, Purple, Jade, Light Rose, Vieux Rose, and Pale Blue, it has a striking effect, yet retains a particularly pleasing harmony of contrast. Also made all Grey with coloured collar, &c. Usual Price 59/6

SALE PRICE 53/6

MODEL G. 15

Fabric and finish as above, but trimmed with double row of Fur (as sketch). Usual Price 69/6

SALE PRICE 63/-

Colours: Jade, Light Rose, Dark Rose, Mauve, Purple, Saxe Blue, Pale Blue, Brown, and Grey.



One garment only, with a range of colours, can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch and in case of non-approval of a garment the amount forwarded will be refunded.

AN IDEAL WRISTLET



Silver:
Burnished, 21/-
Oxydised, 23/6
9-ct. Gold, £5 10/-

Postage
6d. extra.

THINK how often you have had to renew that strap on your wrist watch; look at its disreputable condition; remember its tendency for giving out at the most awkward moments—then consider the real boon of a Wristlet which will last for years, whose construction makes for absolute safety.

In the centre are two long expanding connections, fitted with specially tempered gold springs. They gently and smoothly “give” with every movement of the wrist, yet grip just sufficiently to keep the watch comfortably in its proper position. The curb chain shown lies flat against the wrist, each link is solid, practically of one piece—a guarantee of safety, strength, life. Apart from that the construction of the whole band is planned to permit the free flow of perspiration, a real boon to every wearer of a wrist watch.

We only need the measurement of your watch from A to B (see illustration) and a strip of paper the total circumference of your wrist.



THE APPOINTMENT WATCH



(Full Size)

Oxydised, £7 : 7 : 0
Silver .. £8 : 10 : 0

ONE POCKET of your vest is reserved for your watch. That watch merely shows the time—nothing else.

Without taking up one iota more space you can replace it with our Appointment Watch four-fold more useful to you.

In addition to being a perfect time-keeper, it is fitted with an alarm. The indicator of that alarm you simply set to the various hours at which you have something special to do—and forget. It is an infallible reminder.

A face visible on the darkest evening, a back cover which so opens as to permit of the watch being stood on your desk—are ingenious additions really useful to the wearer.

The wearer of our Appointment Watch cannot forget.

YOU INCUR NO OBLIGATION by writing to us for either the Wristlet or the Watch. If after a fair trial you feel disappointed, a refundment in full will at once be made.

BROOK & SON,
Watch Dept.,
87 GEORGE ST. WEST, EDINBURGH.

LIVER DISORDERS

WHEN the liver is out of order, sufferers experience a peculiar pain under the shoulder blades, a nauseous, bilious feeling, a capricious appetite, a jaundiced complexion, and irregularity of bowel action.

Scouring the overtaxed liver with drugs is too drastic a remedy. What is needed is the soothing, purifying assistance of Ker-nak.

A Ker-nak pill taken directly after a meal, and another at bed-time, will very shortly put the liver and bowels in perfect working order. Ker-nak has special properties which make it the ideal liver regulator.

1/3 or 3/-, at all Chemists & Drug Stores

Ker-nak

CURES
CONSTIPATION INDIGESTION
BILIOUS ATTACKS
HEADACHE

Wear An-on Underwear

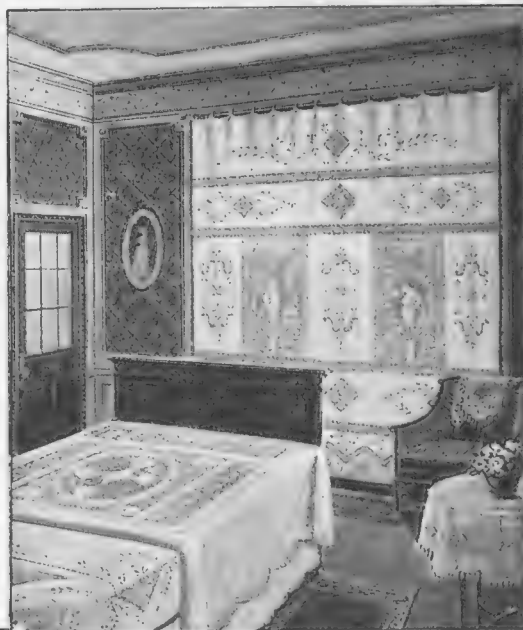
and you will never buy overhead garments again. An-on does not ruffle either your shirt or your temper. Made in sizes graded to fit all figures—in Drawers, Vests and Union Suits in fine All-wool Taffeta, Pure Silk (white and coloured), mixed Wool and Cotton.



A Harley St. Physician says that two garments of An-on are warmer and far healthier than one thick woollen garment.

The Ideal for Winter Wear would be a Union Suit of Silk An-on next the skin covered by a Vest and Drawers of Taffeta.

A List of Selling Agents will be sent on application to **AN-ON, 66, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4**



A MODERN BEDROOM

Illustrating Bedspread, Embroidered Sheet, Curtain, Antimacassar, Table-cloth, of which we are showing a large variety, made in the finest lace and fillet at our

GREAT WHITE SALE THIS WEEK

Special Bargains direct from our Paris House in Blouses, Corsets, Lingerie, House and Table Linen sold at most attractive prices.

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**LES GRANDS MAGASINS DU
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sufferers from ASTHMA (Chronic, Bronchial, Nervous), Hay-Fever (Dry, or Summer Asthma), etc., have been relieved, and thousands TOTALLY cured by using

Vivamol!

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOME REMEDY
FOR YOUNG AND OLD OF BOTH SEXES.
Contains no harmful drugs!

THREE WEEKS' FREE TRIAL

Write for particulars to—
VIVAMOL LTD. (Dept. S), 73, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Spinet

Fine Old Virginia
Cork Tipped Ovals.

1/4 for 20
Also in Boxes of 50 & 100

Spinet Mixture for the Pipe 1/11 per 2oz.



R & J. HILL LTD LONDON.

VENN'S DAINTY UNDIES

LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER,
BIRMINGHAM.

READERS of the *Sketch* will be interested to hear that MADAME VENN is arranging to visit these towns during February next, in order to give clients an opportunity of seeing a range of the many and varied wares of the House of Venn. Actual dates will be advertised in due course.



No. 43

Set 43.

Prettily made Crepe Chemise and Knicker, trimmed Silk lace and insertion.

£3 13 6 the two.

Or in Georgette ... **£3 3 0**

"Rosary" Set, No. 26.

In good Crepe, as sketch, embroidered with self or contrast coloured Roses and threaded Ribbon.

Chemise & Knicker .. **£3 3 0**

Nighty (to match) .. **£3 3 0**

Camy (to match) .. **£1 0 0**

In all shades and black.

A new Illustratea Catalogue is now in preparation, and all enquiries will be filed and dealt with shortly.

VENN'S Ltd.,

14-15 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W. 1,

'Phone: Mayfair 1407,



No. 26

Individuality—and a Cigarette Case

NOWADAYS there might be little to distinguish the patrician from the plebeian as far as clothing goes, though in a dozen minor but decisive points your personality flashes out. A Cigarette Case, for example, which is in your hand every other hour of the day, is worth having right. A good thing is "a joy"—if not "for ever," at any rate every time you use it.

This new Mark Cross Cigarette Case is distinctive. It holds 15 Cigarettes and can be had either plain or with silver gilt mounting round the edges.

No. 3634, as illustrated, made in Pigskin and in Blue, Brown, and Black pin seal leather.

Unmounted **16/-**
Mounted **32/-**

No. 3638 with pocket for notes.

Unmounted **18/-**
Mounted **34/-**

Mark Cross Ltd

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For helpful suggestions for Wedding and Birthday presents, write for our Catalogue: it contains a wide range of gifts useful and acceptable to men and women.

Everyone is asking — what is this

RALEIGH MOTOR BICYCLE

Well, it is not just "talk."
For two years it has been in
preparation by one of the
best designers and construc-
tors in the trade, backed
by unlimited manufactur-
ing and testing resources.

It combines power, speed, and comfort—
the three essentials. Watch for it.

Raleigh Cycle Co., Ltd., Nottingham.

BOYD'S Improved PATENT ELASTIC PUTTEES



Boyd's Elastic Puttees

are made from the finest Egyptian Cotton and best Para Rubber, and, being elastic, they grip the leg and assist the normal action of the veins and muscles. There is no sense of leg-weariness or foot-heaviness as when wearing ordinary puttees, which require to be tightly wound to keep in position.

Boyd's Improved Patent Puttees are woven to the shape of the leg and are neat and smart in appearance.

They are very durable, waterproofed, and are both reversible and interchangeable. Fastened by patent Hooks top and bottom, making them easy to put on and take off.

Boyd's Elastic Puttees are claimed to be a preventive against and cure for varicose veins

CAVALRY, 12/6
INFANTRY.

Postage 1/- extra to B.E.F.

Of all leading Military Tailors and Outfitters. If any difficulty in procuring, write to the sole Makers—

M. WRIGHT & SONS, Ltd., Quorn Mills, Nr. LOUGHBOROUGH.

Made in Light
& Dark Khaki,
Dark Navy
& Black.

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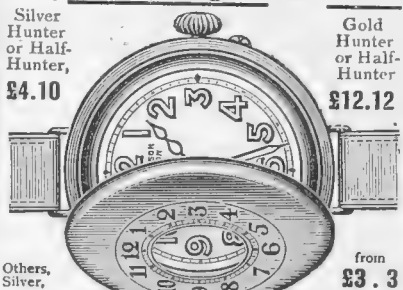
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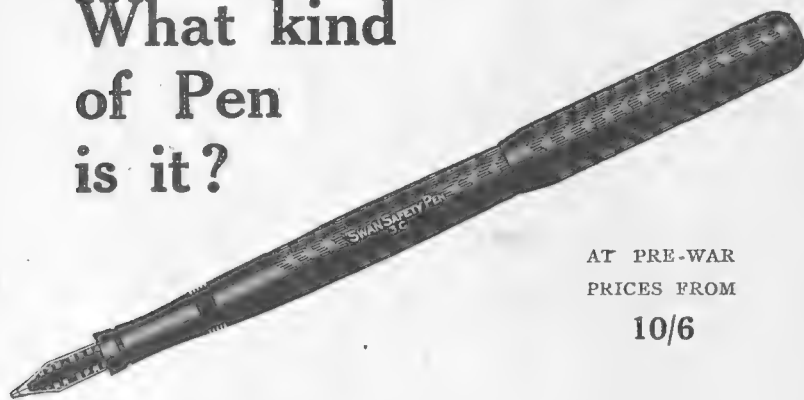
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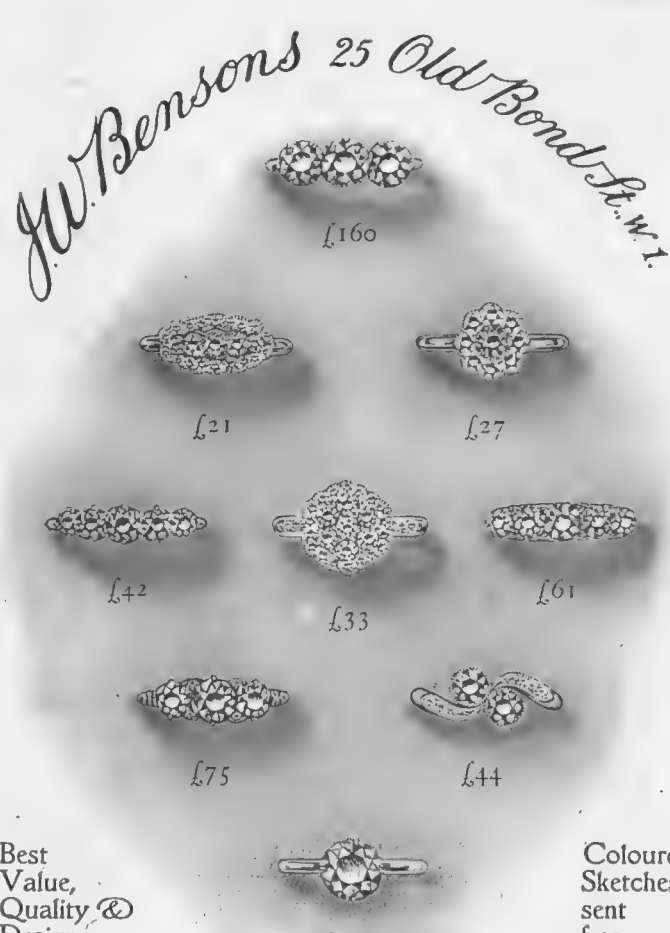
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"As you were advised at the last Annual Meeting, our building programme was in arrears at the outbreak of war, for our business had far outgrown our accommodation. Necessity then arose for the production at home of fine chemicals which were previously manufactured only in Germany. Apart from the special saccharin department, to which subsequent reference will be made, these new needs called for the speedy erection of five additional blocks of buildings and a power-house also, as the Nottingham Corporation were unable to meet our power requirements. The idea is prevalent in some quarters that these were paid for by the Government. It is a totally erroneous idea, for the one single advantage we enjoyed was that we were allowed to purchase building materials at a time when these were controlled by the Government and when only building work of national importance was permitted. We paid for these materials ourselves, of course, at the inflated market price then current. Last year I explained in considerable detail the value of our chemical manufactures to Boots Companies and to the country. We can now congratulate ourselves on the extensive developments of the past twelve months. Our equipment is being gradually perfected, and our experts are so employing it, and their own skill, as to enable us to supply increasing quantities of valuable products which the pharmacist has hitherto found difficulty in obtaining. Our independence of Germany grows more fully manifest; and one feature of particular advantage is the reduction in prices which we may with confidence anticipate when normal conditions return.

"You heard a year ago of our large output of aspirin, phenacetin, atrophine, etc., as well as of such marvellous sanative agents as the chloramine antiseptics, and proflavine and acriflavine. You will now be interested to learn that during the war campaign we provided 115 million sterilising tablets to save our troops from the dread danger of poisoned drinking-water. I fear that a full list of all our new products would prove tedious to you, but I may mention that in the market and at trade and technical exhibitions their excellence has won for them an eminent reputation. Truly our manufacture of drugs and synthetic chemicals constitutes a valuable addition to the therapeutic resources of the country and a notable national asset.

THE PRODUCTION OF SACCHARIN.

"I now propose to deal with the production of saccharin; and at the outset I may mention that during the shortage of sugar our contribution to national needs was a quantity of saccharin equivalent to no less than 1,785,000,000 tablets, through which—even apart from the timely convenience—the country's finances benefited to the extent of nearly half a million pounds sterling in revenue charges. It should be borne in mind that prior to the war all the saccharin used in this country was of foreign production, and that the foreign producer had the advantage over us of 30 years' experience. Originally our intention was to set up plant for this manufacture on a comparatively modest scale, but when we made application for supplies of toluene—a controlled substance necessary in the manufacture—the Government urged us to undertake production on a much more extensive plan. We did this amid difficulties almost incredible. Proper plant was unobtainable, and so our own chemical and engineering staffs had to co-operate in designing and making special equipment. Those Socialists who advocate the complete immediate nationalisation of trade and industry may have our assurance of the need for private and individual energy when the uncorrelated functions of various Government Departments are frequently overlapping and sometimes mutually obstructive. On the one hand, the Sugar Commission urged the work upon us and endeavoured to afford us every facility, while we for our part were most anxious to comply with their wishes. At the same time, the action of another Department was holding us back under the threat of heavy penalties. Skilled engineers left us for other national work, and for many weeks we were not permitted to replace them. Only after personal interviews and the most urgent entreaties and telegrams were we allowed to engage a few of the necessary helpers; the official embargo, indeed, was never removed. However, we attained our end finally, and after the heavy initial difficulties under which we did much work, we have established the manufacture of saccharin of the highest quality on a large scale.

"I ought to explain that the whole of our production of saccharin has gone to the Government, who have distributed it to tablet makers throughout the country; and that we, the producers, have as retailers received an allocation of only a small portion of the saccharin we manufactured. This has affected us in the following way. Although our production was very large, we could not supply the total quantity needed, and the output of other producers at home was small, so that supplementary supplies had to be imported. The saccharin manufactured at home was under Government control, affording only a comparatively small profit. That from abroad was not so controlled; consequently, it brought huge prices and profits. Our allocation each week was snapped up by our customers within an hour, and we felt ourselves morally obliged to refrain from buying and selling saccharin of foreign production, so that no one could possibly imagine that we were selling, as high-priced foreign saccharin, that made at home and subject to the controlled price.

POST-WAR PROSPECTS OF SACCHARIN MANUFACTURE.

"A few remarks as to the prospects of saccharin manufacture after the war will be appropriate. Strong endeavours have been made to create a prejudice against the use of this product; they have been traced to interested parties, such as sugar cultivators and manufacturers. It is true that saccharin is without nutritive value, and so it is not recommended as a substitute for sugar in feeding children. The highest medical authorities are, however, fully agreed that it is perfectly innocuous, and has no effect whatever on metabolism. It is, therefore, useful for general sweetening purposes, and has a special value in the case of those subject to adiposity. With the removal of the rationing Orders, moreover, many quite healthy people receiving sufficient nourishment from other foods, and conscious that they are benefited by abstinence from sugar, will take advantage of the sweetening properties of saccharin.

"I do not wish the following remarks to be misunderstood; I am personally a convinced free trader, and my remarks will have no bearing on the principle of tariffs. Manufacturers were strongly urged by the Government to undertake the production of saccharin to assist the country. Great time and thought were devoted by highly skilled men to the manufacture, and much money was also invested in it. Before the processes were fully established, and the manufacturers reimbursed, the circumstances became less urgent—and very happily so. Now the foreign stocks, which accumulated under the impetus given to foreign manufacture through unrestricted prices, threaten to swamp the market; and the home producer, who as yet has had no time to overcome all the difficulties of new work under extraordinarily adverse conditions, will have to compete in a market where saccharin will be offered at unremunerative prices. It does seem to me that in these circumstances the Government might reasonably give some encouragement to a business largely undertaken to assist them, until its infancy is past, and until business conditions generally resume their normal course. (Hear, hear.) This is the more necessary in view of the fact that in connection with the

home manufacture of saccharin certain conditions have to be imposed for revenue purposes, and these involve an extra cost to which the imported product is not subjected.

TRIBUTE TO THE MANAGERS AND STAFF.

"I rejoice that our organisation, our resources, and our experience were of national service during the war; and it is a satisfaction to know that they are such as to be of no less value to the country and the people in reconstruction and in peace. I am aware of how much all this is due to the services of my fellow-directors and the loyal co-operation of our employees in general, and in particular to the chemist managers at our branches. To each and all I tender sincere thanks. No workers could have been more severely tested than ours were during the prolonged epidemic of influenza. The strain was without precedent. I may mention, for example, that at the request of the Medical Officer of Health five of our Edinburgh branches remained open until midnight. Long queues of people waited with prescriptions. Everywhere our assistants rendered both the public and the firm a most devoted service, and did so regardless of their own comfort or even of their own health. Whenever an overworked member of the staff was absent through indisposition, the rest uncomplainingly shouldered an extra burden. We have been able to make material acknowledgment of this devotion, but the only adequate compensation is the knowledge each member has of work well done. Such a spirit among the employees at our branches has been one of the factors of our past success, and will contribute to the still wider utility which lies before us. And, believe me, we shall not be found wanting in the phase of reconstruction and development upon which the country is now entering. Ladies and gentlemen, I have pleasure in moving that the accounts and appropriation of the profits, as recommended by the directors, be hereby approved and adopted. (Cheers.)

Mr. J. T. HILDER seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The CHAIRMAN next moved the re-election of the retiring director—Captain John C. Boot. In doing so, he remarked that his son was at present on active service, but he hoped that by another year he would be with them again. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. T. S. RATCLIFFE seconded the motion, and it was unanimously agreed to.

The auditors (Messrs. Sharp, Parsons, and Co.) were reappointed, on the proposition of Mr. A. N. BRCMLEY, seconded by Mr. E. S. WARING.

MR. PARSON'S SPEECH.

Mr. G. C. T. PARSONS, in acknowledging the re-election of his firm, said: "Sir Jesse, it has been quite an education to listen to your address. One hardly realised that your company has been doing such important national work, and yet at the same time has been carrying on its ordinary business. I think you, Sir, and the directors, and all the members of the staff are entitled to very warm congratulations that you have been able through this trying time to carry on the business so effectively, and so efficiently to help the country in its time of need. It has been usual for me, when I have acknowledged the re-election of my firm in previous years, to go into questions of finance to some extent, but we have such a monotony of prosperity in this company that there is nothing new to say. I feel that my position is very much the same as that of a man who is trying to prove the value of Consols. Among gilt-edged securities Consols are readily accepted without any further explanation, and I have come to look upon this company as occupying very much the same position in regard to industrials. You have a company which goes on with a good record year by year, and during times which might have upset many less strong companies this company has been able to carry through, and make even a greater success than last year.

LADY BOOT'S SERVICES ON THE BOARD.

"I do not think that the financial part of the business requires further consideration—it is self-evident—but I do want to refer to a personal matter, if I may. There has been nothing said about it at the meeting, but I notice that, while last year the directors were yourself, Sir, Captain Boot, and Mr. Waring, now we have another director, Lady Boot—(hear, hear)—and I hope the shareholders will give Lady Boot a very warm welcome to this board. (Hear, hear.) The fact of Lady Boot having joined the board reminds me of a romance that happened many years ago—a romance which it is always pleasant to me to remember; in fact, I regard it as one of the 'tit-bits' of my professional life. Out of that romance our Chairman found what the good old Book calls a 'helpmeet' for him. Now it would be impossible for those who are not acquainted with the inner working of the business to know how great Lady Boot's help has been to our Chairman in all the work which he has undertaken. I make bold to say that but for Lady Boot's fostering care I do not think our Chairman could have faced and carried on as successfully as he has done through the very strenuous and difficult times he has had to meet, and here we have the pleasure of having Sir Jesse still with us with great vigour and perpetual cheerfulness, and a great part of it due, in my judgment, to the help which Lady Boot has given him. Therefore I feel that it should be no empty compliment to welcome Lady Boot on this board. She is really of great help to the Company, and I hope that her reception as a director—though, I understand, she is not to come up for re-election, will be very warm. (Hear, hear.)

"Before I sit down I should also like to acknowledge what comes to my notice in the course of our audit—that is, the excellent way in which the secretarial work is carried through by our old friend, Mr. Milne—the skill that he puts into it, and the literary power—and also the great excellence with which the books are kept under the presidency of Mr. Ratcliffe, and Mr. Gillespie, the resident accountant. Our audit must at all times be one of great responsibility, but the books are presented to us in such a complete and correct way that it reduces our responsibility to a minimum, and I feel personally very greatly indebted to those three gentlemen for the admirable way in which the books and records are laid before us." (Cheers.)

VOTE OF THANKS TO SIR JESSE BOOT.

Mr. JAMES ASPDEN said he had great pleasure in proposing a very hearty and sincere vote of thanks to the Chairman for presiding at this meeting. He also wished to say, on behalf of the shareholders, how fully they endorsed Sir Jesse's remarks in the latter part of his speech, when he thanked his co-directors and all the employees of the company for their services during the past strenuous year. There was one little addition, however, he would like to make as a shareholder, and that was that they should add Sir Jesse's name to the list of persons who had worked so strenuously on behalf of the company during the past year, and who deserved their hearty thanks. (Cheers.) With those few remarks, he begged to move a hearty vote of thanks, to the Chairman, his co-directors, and the staff.

The vote was unanimously accorded.

The CHAIRMAN acknowledged the compliment, and added that he was exceedingly obliged to Mr. Parsons for the kind remarks he had made about Lady Boot. But for her help and encouragement on many occasions when he had been heavily afflicted he must have given up, and he begged to make this public acknowledgment.

The proceedings then terminated.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

The Abominable Bell.

A great cry goes out that domestic servants are about to disappear off the face of the earth. Nothing of the kind is about to happen, and the very best way to prevent it is to experiment in management as if the servants had disappeared. Because the real truth is that we shall never again be waited on as we used to be, unless rich enough to keep what I may call supernumeraries; and to do that will be very unpatriotic. The bell, I may say, is the plague of the domestic servants' lives; it makes slaves of them, because it gives no freedom from early-morning tea until hot milk at night. So we should all have a good try to do without the bell. Heaps of little things we always rang for we can get for ourselves almost as easily as move to ring. Also in every household where more than one servant is kept a warmed and comfortable sitting-room should be provided. Cookie's temper when meals are in preparation is not improved by someone sitting about; and she does not want always to be in the kitchen herself.

A Will and a Way.

I met a friend who in the days of our youth we nicknamed "Triver," because there was nothing on earth that we knew of that she would not try to contrive. I am not going to say how many years it is since I saw her. Sufficient that it was before the war. Still she is contriving; her house, she says, is looking weary and war-worn, and she can get neither men nor material to do it up. Is she dismayed? Certainly not; she is going to do the inside with her own fair hands. What they will be like when the job is done I do not care to conjecture; but the house will look well, or I do not know the lady. She has laid in a store of Pearlina enamel from Robert Ingham Clark and Co., West Ham Abbey, E. 15, and her windows and doors will with this be redecorated; the paper, she says, only needs cleaning. For the outside job she has secured a handy man who soldiered



A new design for an evening cloak made of Foch blue and Paisley, and trimmed with black fox.

through the war, and is discharged unfit. Once he was a painter. Now that house will resume its pre-war spruceness as soon as any in England.

To Save the Country.

The garden during the war stood our friend so splendidly that it has won a closer affection than ever before,

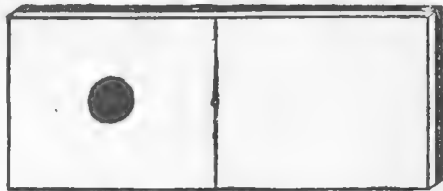
and everyone who has a garden or an allotment has loved it in some degree. Harrods, whose eyes are open on all the world, have issued their new catalogue of seeds guaranteed to reach the Government standard of germination and purity. In consequence of shortage of paper the contents have been confined mainly to food-producing seeds, although the great firm also supply all kinds of flower-seeds. The point for the cultivator is that the seeds are good, and this Harrods guarantee. They also provide fertilisers, insecticides, and every kind of garden requisite of the very best and most reliable. Their pea, bean, tomato, broccoli,

cucumber, lettuce, cabbage, turnip, onion, and potato seeds have all secured great success. The garden-lover will find much

interest in Harrods' seed catalogue, and the garden produce will be quite as valuable to the country this year as it was in those of

(Continued overleaf)

URODONAL



THE ONE

Fact which experience has taught Mankind is that Cause is followed by Effect. It therefore ensures that the Effect cannot be removed until the Cause has been rooted out.

THE torture of chronic or constantly recurrent Rheumatism, the agony of Gout, the depressing burden of Indigestion, the sallow complexion, lack-lustre eyes, the listlessness and general depression usual among sufferers from any of these ailments—are all EFFECTS. It is useless to take so-called "cures" for rheumatism, gout, indigestion, etc., etc.; to rub all kinds of ointments, lotions, etc., into the skin, or to spend an enormous amount of nervous energy in endeavouring to cultivate cheerfulness and good humour. These methods only deal with the EFFECT, whereas it is the CAUSE that must be attacked—the poison which is slowly poisoning the blood and clogging the entire system—URIC ACID.

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By Appointment



to H.M. the King.

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which, when diluted, replaces fresh milk for every purpose at about same price, or undiluted instead of cream—which is unobtainable—in coffee, tea or cocoa, or with stewed fruits, porridge, etc.

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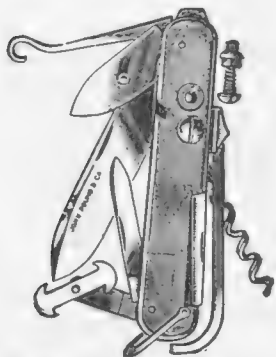
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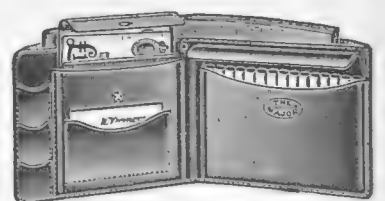
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81-84, Leadenhall Street, LONDON, E.C.3

Continued.
actual warfare, when gardeners and allotment-holders did so much to save the country.

The After-War Home.

There is a kind of revival of family life going on, now that many men who have been soldiering are back at their civilian occupation. While they were away wives went home to live, or two or three set up households together. But the male man must have his home to himself. So it is that there is a great demand for furniture, and that heavy disappointment was felt that there were no reductions in the price of furniture at some of the big sales. It is therefore a useful hint to those about to restart or start homes that at the Furniture and Fine Arts Depositories, 48-60, Park Street, Islington, N. 1, there is wonderful value to be had in really good furniture from numerous country and town residences. As many as 350 complete bedroom suites are there for people to choose from; carpets, rugs, and all other furniture in proportion. There are still some photographically illustrated catalogues which will be sent on application. These give a good clue to the variety of choice and moderation of price.

Laugh; But Like It.

"I hate your climate, but I love your women's complexions; and I don't see how they go together"—so said a New Zealand officer to a friend who is no longer young, but whose skin defies the marking of the years gallantly. The New Zealander, in the most tactful way, made her understand that in his homeland no lady who had a grown-up family had a skin like hers or looked so youthful. She told him she had always heard that New Zealand had such a lovely climate, the women there ought to wear well; but they should try



Black satin, trimmed with silver-and-grey wool braid and bodice topped with black fox, forms the dress of the figure on the left. The one on the right has decided on a frock of tan cloth, the tunic border and skirt of which are lightly embroidered in black and dull gold, and a border of seal gives the finishing touch.

Ven-Yusa, which is an oxygen face-cream, and costs only a shilling a jar at any chemist's. The "N.Z." was delighted, and said he would start it out there, for he quite saw that skins need some help to keep fine and smooth; they have to face all weathers, many temperatures, and all sorts of atmospheres, including those thick with smoke. Many pots were to be included in his home-going kit. His women-kind will laugh, but they will like his gifts—especially when they have tried them.

No Dancing for Supper Now.

Dancing is a perfect craze with people now. Not for hot quails, delicate hot soups, fizzy wine, and rare things out of season do people joyfully accept invitations; they go to dance. Jazzing, fox-trotting, one-stepping, Boston-dipping do not sound alluring to the head; but they prove an irresistible attraction to the heels, likewise toes, of the people of to-day. I leave out the word "young," for, looking in at a dance, it will be found that old men and matrons are gliding and swaying and doing those things required by the newest measures quite as joyfully as the youngsters. Nor is it to be regretted; it is remarkably good for the muscles and the nerves, and the sense of comradeship with youth is the finest rejuvenator known. Participation by their elders in the dancing craze removes all sense of *mauvaise honte* from young folk; one never hears them say nowadays that "dancing is a bore, but one has to hop it a bit to get a swagger supper." Switching off dancing for the moment, what a plague and penance it is now to "get about"! Ill manners are the rule, as all but "carriage people" find. Will it need some terrible accident to bring reform?

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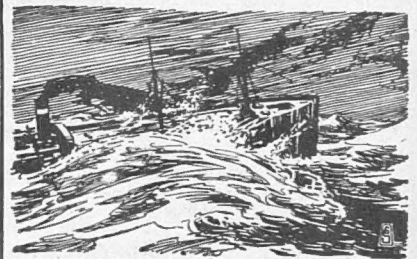
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GENERAL NOTES.

WHY should Mr. Long go to the Admiralty? Because, (says a Radical wit) there's a bee in battle-ship. The jest is good enough, but it is getting rather tiresome to have continually recalled the speech in which Mr. Walter Long, talking to a village meeting, advised the keeping of bees. It was not the speech of a statesman, but of a neighbour, and might very well not have been reported. Mr. Long is by no means the fribble or reactionary it suits some people to represent him nowadays. He has a great deal of shrewdness, and more backbone than most modern statesmen. It would seem to be forgotten that it was he who planned and got through the House of Commons the great Local Government Act of 1888, which created the County Councils and revolutionised the whole system of English administration. Few great measures have ever stood so little in need of subsequent amendment, and none has worked better. The fact is that Mr. Long hardly does himself justice in his speeches. His style is too wordy and diffuse. It is in the practical work of administration that his homely common-sense and tenacity count, and there is no reason whatever why he should not make a very good ruler of the King's Navée.

A friend tells me he was "cut" the other day by a beautiful young woman who looked very intent and earnest. She was so pre-occupied that she almost walked into a sandwichman. She was probably thinking of her next article for the new Sunday paper, which has made her an authoress. The lady in question was Lady Diana Manners. She has many claims to fame. One of the greatest is the fact that she introduced the "wimple" veil, which we are still told is going to be the vogue. One remembers seeing her some months ago with a veil which went over her

head and swathed her chin. It was striking, but not pretty, as the clever lady discovered, for she only wore it once. Others, however, are about to try its charms. Lady Diana and her friend Nancy Cunard used to have a very sweet tooth, which was not the only thing they had in common. They were to be seen buying candies at a well-known shop. They sampled all kinds, and were very keen on trying new varieties. By the way, sweet-making is still profitable work for ladies, in spite of the high cost of sugar.

Mr. George Steel, the Works Manager at Messrs. C. A. Vandervell and Co., the well-known electrical engineers of Acton Vale, suggested to the staff they should hold a secret ballot on the forty-seven hours week. The Shop Stewards, in conjunction with the management, supervised the voting, which resulted in the 7.30 to 5 p.m. scheme being selected by a very great majority.

At an examination of a Pitman's shorthand class formed, by special arrangement with the War Office, of members of Q.M.A.A.C. marvellous results were obtained. After only five weeks' tuition, a speed of a hundred words per minute was registered by nine students, in a test of more than average difficulty. This is another proof of the efficiency of Pitman's shorthand and the rapidity with which it can be acquired.

In reference to the removal of the restrictions hitherto imposed by the Tobacco and Matches Control Board on the prices of tobacco, cigarettes, and cigars, and to certain statements which have appeared in the Press forecasting an immediate increase in selling prices, the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., state that they are making no alterations in the prices of their goods. There is accordingly no justification for an increased price being charged for the company's goods.

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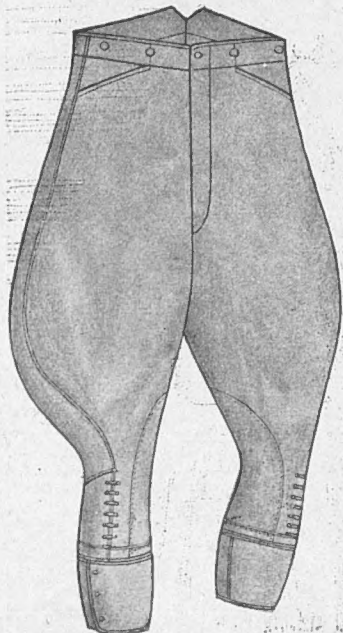
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T. H. RANDOLPH, Managing Director.

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Lotus

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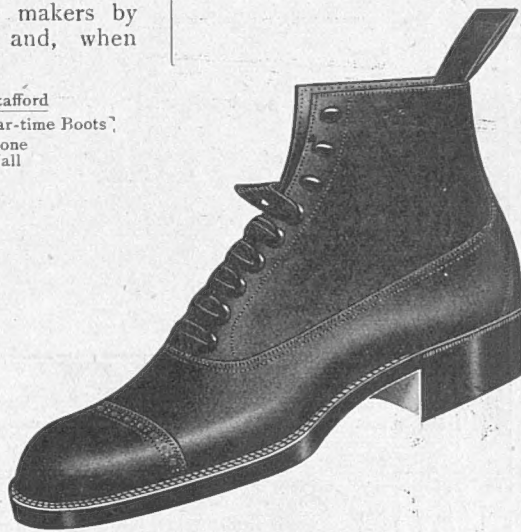
Out-of-stock sizes are obtained from the makers by return of post and, when

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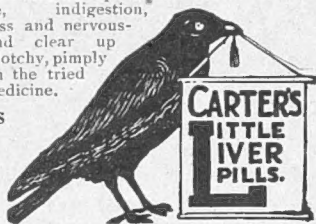
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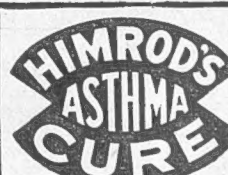
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